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APPLETONS' JOURNAL

OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1870, by D. APPLETON & CO., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of New York.

No. 53.—VOL. III.]

SATURDAY, APRIL 2, 1870.

PRICE TEN CENTS.
WITH CARTOON.

THE LADY OF THE ICE.*

BY JAMES DE MILLE, AUTHOR OF "THE DODGE CLUB ABROAD," "CORD AND CREEK," ETC.

CHAPTER I.—CONSISTING MERELY OF INTRODUCTORY MATTER.

THIS is a story of Quebec. Quebec is a wonderful city. I am given to understand that the ridge on which the city is built is Laurentian; and the river that flows past it is the same. On this (not the river, you know) are strata of schist, shale, old red sand-

into the vortex of Quebecian society I threw myself with all the generous ardor of youth, and was keenly alive to those charms which the Canadian ladies possess and use so fatally. It is a singular fact, for which I will not attempt to account, that in Quebecian society one comes in contact with ladies only. Where the male element is I never could imagine. I never saw a civilian. There are no young



"MACRORIE, OLD CHAP, I'M GOING TO BE MARRIED !!!"—Chapter III.

stone, trap, granite, clay, and mud. The upper stratum is ligneous, and is found to be very convenient for pavements.

It must not be supposed from this introduction that I am a geologist. I am not. I am a lieutenant in her Majesty's 129th Bobtails. We Bobtails are a gay and gallant set, and I have reason to know that we are well remembered in every place we have been quartered.

men in Quebec; if there are any, we officers are not aware of it. I've often been anxious to see one, but never could make it out. Now, of these Canadian ladies I cannot trust myself to speak with calmness. An allusion to them will of itself be eloquent to every brother officer. I will simply remark that, at a time when the tendencies of the Canadians generally are a subject of interest both in England and America, and when it is a matter of doubt whether they lean to annexation or British connection, their fair young daughters

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show an unmistakable tendency not to one, but to both, and make two apparently incompatible principles really inseparable.

You must understand that this is my roundabout way of hinting that the unmarried British officer who goes to Canada generally finds his destiny tenderly folding itself around a Canadian bride. It is the common lot. Some of these take their wives with them around the world, but many more retire from the service, buy farms, and practise love in a cottage. Thus the fair and loyal *Canadiennes* are responsible for the loss of many and many a gallant officer to her Majesty's service. Throughout these colonial stations there has been, and there will be, a fearful depletion among the numbers of these brave but too impressionable men. I make this statement solemnly, as a mournful fact. I have nothing to say against it; and it is not for one who has had an experience like mine to hint at a remedy. But to my story:

Every one who was in Quebec during the winter of 18—, if he went into society at all, must have been struck by the appearance of a young Bobtail officer, who was a joyous and a welcome guest at every house where it was desirable to be. Tall, straight as an arrow, and singularly well-proportioned, the picturesque costume of the 129th Bobtails could add but little to the effect already produced by so martial a figure. His face was whiskerless; his eyes gray; his cheekbones a little higher than the average; his hair auburn; his nose not Grecian—or Roman—but still impressive: his air one of quiet dignity, mingled with youthful joyance and mirthfulness. Try—O reader!—to bring before you such figure. Well—that's me.

Such was my exterior; what was my character? A few words will suffice to explain:—bold, yet cautious; brave, yet tender; constant, yet highly impressive; tenacious of affection, yet quick to kindle into admiration at every new form of beauty; many times smitten, yet surviving the wound; vanquished, yet rescued by that very impressibility of temper—such was the man over whose singular adventures you will shortly be called to smile or to weep.

Here is my card:

*Lieut. Alexander Macorie,
129th Bobtails.*

And now, my friend, having introduced you to myself, having shown you my photograph, having explained my character, and handed you my card, allow me to lead you to

CHAPTER II.—MY QUARTERS, WHERE YOU WILL BECOME ACQUAINTED WITH OLD JACK RANDOLPH, MY MOST INTIMATE FRIEND, AND ONE WHO DIVIDES WITH ME THE HONOR OF BEING THE HERO OF MY STORY.

I'll never forget the time. It was a day in April.

But an April day in Canada is a very different thing from an April day in England. In England all Nature is robed in vivid green, the air is balmy; and all those beauties abound which usually set poets rhapsodizing, and young men sentimentalizing, and young girls tantalizing. Now, in Canada there is nothing of the kind. No Canadian poet, for instance, would ever affirm that in the spring a livelier iris blooms upon the burnished dove; in the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love. No. For that sort of thing—the thoughts of love I mean—winter is the time of day in Canada. The fact is, the Canadians haven't any spring. The months which Englishmen include under that pleasant name are here partly taken up with prolonging the winter, and partly with the formation of a new and nondescript season. In that period Nature, instead of being darkly, deeply, beautifully green, has rather the shade of a dingy, dirty, melancholy gray. Snow covers the ground—not by any means the glistening white robe of Winter—but a rugged substitute, damp, and discolored. It is snow, but snow far gone into decay and decrepitude—snow that seems ashamed of itself for lingering so long after wearing out its welcome, and presenting itself in so revolting a dress—snow, in fact, which is like a man sinking into irremediable ruin, and changing its former glorious state for that condition which is expressed by the unpleasant word "slush." There is not an object, not a circumstance, in visible Nature which does not heighten the contrast. In England there is the luxuriant foliage, the fragrant

blossom, the gay flower; in Canada, black twigs—bare, scraggy, and altogether wretched—thrust their repulsive forms forth into the bleak air—there, the soft rain-shower falls;—here, the fierce snow-squall, or maddening sleet!—there, the field is traversed by the cheerful plough; here, it is covered with ice-heaps or thawing snow; there, the rivers ran babbling onward under the green trees; here, they groan and chafe under heaps of dingy and slowly-disintegrating ice-hummocks; there, one's only weapon against the rigor of the season is the peaceful umbrella; here, one must defend one's self with caps and coats of fur and india-rubber, with clumsy leggings, ponderous boots, steel-creepers, gauntlets of skin, iron-pointed alpenstocks, and forty or fifty other articles which the exigencies of space and time will not permit me to mention. On one of the darkest and most dismal of these April days, I was trying to kill time in my quarters, when Jack Randolph burst in upon my meditations.

Jack Randolph was one of Ours—an intimate friend of mine, and of everybody else who had the pleasure of his acquaintance. Jack was in every respect a remarkable man—physically, intellectually, and morally. Present company excepted, he was certainly by all odds the finest-looking fellow in a regiment notoriously filled with handsome men; and to this rare advantage he added all the accomplishments of life, and the most genial nature in the world. It was difficult to say whether he was a greater favorite with men or with women. He was noisy, rattling, reckless, good-hearted, generous, mirthful, witty, jovial, daring, open-handed, irrepressible, enthusiastic, and confoundedly clever. He was good at every thing, from tracking a moose or caribou, or through all the gamut of rinking, skating, ice-boating, and tobogganing, up to the lightest accomplishments of the drawing-room. He was one of those lucky dogs who are able to break horses or hearts with equal buoyancy of soul. And it was this twofold capacity which made him equally dear to either sex.

A lucky dog? Yea, verily, that is what he was. He was welcomed at every mess, and he had the *entrée* of every house in Quebec. He could drink harder than any man in the regiment, and dance down a whole regiment of drawing-room knights. He could sing better than any amateur I ever heard; and was the best judge of a merschaum-pipe I ever saw. Lucky? Yes, he was—and especially so, and more than all else—on account of the joyousness of his soul. There was a contagious and a godlike hilarity in his broad, open brow, his frank, laughing eyes, and his mobile lips. He seemed to carry about with him a bracing moral atmosphere. The sight of him had the same effect on the dull man of ordinary life that the Himalayan air has on an Indian invalid; and yet Jack was head-over-heels in debt. Not a tradesman would trust him. Shoals of little bills were sent him every day. Duns without number plagued him from morning to night. The Quebec attorneys were sharpening their bills, and preparing, like birds of prey, to swoop down upon him. In fact, taking it altogether, Jack had full before him the sure and certain prospect of some dismal explosion.

On this occasion, Jack—for the first time in our acquaintance—seemed to have not a vestige of his ordinary flow of spirits. He entered without a word, took up a pipe, crammed some tobacco into the bowl, flung himself into an easy-chair, and began—with fixed eyes and set lips—to pour forth enormous volumes of smoke.

My own pipe was very well under way, and I sat opposite, watching him in wonder. I studied his face, and marked there what I had never before seen upon it—a preoccupied and troubled expression. Now, Jack's features, by long indulgence in the gayer emotions, had immovably moulded themselves into an expression of joyousness and hilarity. Unnatural was it for the merry twinkle to be extinguished in his eyes; for the corners of the mouth, which usually curled upward, to settle downward; for the general shape of feature, outline of muscle, set of lips, to undertake to become the exponents of feelings to which they were totally unaccustomed. On this occasion, therefore, Jack's face did not appear so much mournful as dismal; and, where another face might have elicited sympathy, Jack's face had such a grawsmenness, such an utter incongruity between feature and expression, that it seemed only droll.

I bore this inexplicable conduct as long as I could, but at length I could stand it no longer.

"My dear Jack," said I, "would it be too much to ask, in the mildest manner in the world, and with all possible regard for your feelings, what, in the name of the Old Boy, happens to be up just now?"

Jack took the pipe from his mouth, sent a long cloud of smoke

forward in a straight line, then looked at me, then heaved a deep sigh, and then—replaced the pipe, and began smoking once more.

Under such circumstances I did not know what to do next, so I took up again the study of his face.

"Heard no bad news, I hope," I said at length, making another venture between the puffs of my pipe.

A shake of the head.

Silence again.

"Duns?"

Another shake.

Silence.

"Wrts?"

Another shake.

Silence.

"Liver?"

Another shake, together with a contemptuous smile.

"Then I give it up," said I, and betook myself once more to my pipe.

After a time, Jack gave a long sigh, and regarded me fixedly for some minutes, with a very doleful face. Then he slowly ejaculated:

"Macrorie!"

"Well."

"It's a woman!"

"A woman? Well. What's that? Why need that make any particular difference to you, my boy?"

He sighed again, more dolefully than before.

"I'm in for it, old chap," said he.

"How's that?"

"It's all over."

"What do you mean?"

"Done up, sir—dead and gone!"

"I'll be hanged if I understand you."

"*Hic jacet* Johannes Randolph."

"You're taking to Latin by way of making yourself more intelligible, I suppose."

"Macrorie, my boy—"

"Well?"

"Will you be going anywhere near Anderson's to-day—the stone-cutter, I mean?"

"Why?"

"If you should, let me ask you to do a particular favor for me. Will you?"

"Why, of course. What is it?"

"Well—it's only to order a tombstone for me—plain, neat—four feet by sixteen inches—with nothing on it but my name and date. The sale of my effects will bring enough to pay for it. Don't you fellows go and put up a tablet about me. I tell you plainly, I don't want it, and, what's more, I won't stand it."

"By Jove!" I cried; "my dear fellow, one would think you were raving. Are you thinking of shuffling off the mortal coil? Are you going to blow your precious brains out for a woman? Is it because some fair one is cruel that you are thinking of your latter end? Will you, wasting with despair, die because a woman's fair?"

"No, old chap. I'm going to do something worse."

"Something worse than suicide! What's that? A clean breast, my boy?"

"A species of moral suicide."

"What's that? Your style of expression to-day is a kind of secret cipher. I haven't the key. Please explain."

Jack resumed his pipe, and bent down his head; then he rubbed his broad brow with his unoccupied hand; then he raised himself up, and looked at me for a few moments in solemn silence; then he said, in a low voice, speaking each word separately and with thrilling emphasis:

CHAPTER III.—"MACRORIE—OLD CHAP—I'M—GOING—TO—BE—MARRIED!!!"

At that astounding piece of intelligence, I sat dumb and stared fixedly at Jack for the space of half an hour. He regarded me with a mournful smile. At last my feelings found expression in a long, solemn, thoughtful, anxious, troubled, and perplexed whistle.

I could think of only one thing. It was a circumstance which Jack had confided to me as his bosom-friend. Although he had confided the same thing to at least a hundred other bosom-friends, and

I knew it, yet, at the same time, the knowledge of this did not make the secret any the less a confidential one; and I had accordingly guarded it like my heart's blood, and all that sort of thing, you know. Nor would I even now divulge that secret, were it not for the fact that the cause for secrecy is removed. The circumstance was this: About a year before, we had been stationed at Fredericton, in the Province of New Brunswick. Jack had met there a young lady from St. Andrews, named Miss Phillips, to whom he had devoted himself with his usual ardor. During a sentimental sleigh-ride he had confessed his love, and had engaged himself to her; and, since his arrival at Quebec, he had corresponded with her very faithfully. He considered himself as destined by Fate to become the husband of Miss Phillips at some time in the dim future, and the only marriage before him that I could think of was this. Still I could not understand why it had come upon him so suddenly, or why, if it did come, he should so collapse under the pressure of his doom.

"Well," said I, after I had rallied somewhat, "I didn't think it was to come off so soon. Some luck has turned up, I suppose."

"Luck!" repeated Jack, with an indescribable accent.

"I assure you, though I've never had the pleasure of seeing Miss Phillips, yet, from your description, I admire her quite fervently, and congratulate you from the bottom of my heart."

"Miss Phillips!" repeated Jack, with a groan.

"What's the matter, old chap?"

"It isn't—her!" faltered Jack.

"What?"

"She'll have to wear the willow."

"You haven't broken with her—have you?" I asked.

"She'll have to forgive and forget, and all that sort of thing. If it was Miss Phillips, I wouldn't be so confoundedly cut up about it."

"Why—what is it? who is it? and what do you mean?"

Jack looked at me. Then he looked down, and frowned. Then he looked at me again; and then he said, slowly, and with a powerful effort:

CHAPTER IV.—"IT'S—THE—THE—WIDOW! IT'S MRS.—FINNIMORE!!!"

HAD a bombshell burst—but I forbear. That comparison is, I believe, somewhat hackneyed. The reader will therefore be good enough to appropriate the point of it, and understand that the shock of this intelligence was so overpowering, that I was again rendered speechless.

"You see," said Jack, after a long and painful silence, "it all originated out of an infernal mistake. Not that I ought to be sorry for it, though. Mrs. Finnimore, of course, is a deuced fine woman. I've been round there so long, and seen ever so much of her; and all that sort of thing, you know. Oh, yes," he added, dismally; "I ought to be glad, and, of course, I'm a deuced lucky fellow, and all that; but—"

He paused, and an expressive silence followed that "but."

"Well, how about the mistake?" I asked.

"Why, I'll tell you. It was that confounded party at Doane's. You know what a favorite of mine little Louie Berton is—the best little thing that ever breathed, the prettiest, the—full of fun, too. Well, we're awfully thick, you know; and she chaffed me all the evening about my engagement with Miss Phillips. She had heard all about it, and is crazy to find out whether it's going on yet or not. We had great fun—she chaffing and questioning, and I trying to fight her off. Well; the dancing was going on, and I'd been separated from her for some time, and was trying to find her again, and I saw some one standing in a recess of one of the windows, with a dress that was exactly like Louie's. Her back was turned to me, and the curtains half concealed her. I felt sure that it was Louie. So I sauntered up, and stood for a moment or two behind her. She was looking out of the window; one hand was on the ledge, and the other was by her side, half behind her. I don't know what got into me; but I seized her hand, and gave it a gentle squeeze."

"Well, you know, I expected that it would be snatched away at once. I felt immediately an awful horror at my indiscretion, and would have given the world not to have done it. I expected to see Louie's flashing eyes hurling indignant fire at me, and all that. But the hand didn't move from mine at all!"

Jack uttered this last sentence with the doleful accents of a deeply-injured man—such an accent as one would employ in telling of a shameful trick practised upon his innocence.

"It lay in mine," he continued. "There it was; I had seized it; I had it; I held it; I had squeezed it; and—good Lord!—Macrorie, what was I to do? I'll tell you what I did—I squeezed it again. I thought that now it would go; but it wouldn't. Well, I tried it again. No go. Once more—and once again. On my soul, Macrorie, it still lay in mine. I cannot tell you what thoughts I had. It seemed like indelicacy. It was a bitter thing to associate indelicacy with one like little Louie; but—hang it!—there was the awful fact. Suddenly, the thought struck me that the hand was larger than Louie's. At that thought, a ghastly sensation came over me; and, just at that moment, the lady herself turned her face, blushing, arch, with a mischievous smile. To my consternation, and to my—well, yes—to my horror, I saw Mrs. Finnimore!"

"Good Lord!" I exclaimed.

"A stronger expression would fail to do justice to the occasion," said Jack, helping himself to a glass of beer. "For my part, the thrill of unspeakable horror that was imparted by that shock is still strong within me. There, my boy, you have my story. I leave the rest to your imagination."

"The rest? Why, do you mean to say that this is all?"

"All!" cried Jack, with a wild laugh. "All? My dear boy, it is only the faint beginning; but it implies all the rest."

"What did she say?" I asked, meekly.

"Say—say? What! After—well, never mind. Hang it! Don't drive me into particulars. Don't you see? Why, there I was. I had made an assault, broken through the enemy's lines, thought I was carrying every thing before me, when suddenly I found myself confronted, not by an inferior force, but by an overwhelming superiority of numbers—horse, foot, and artillery, marines, and masked batteries—yes, and baggage-wagons—all assaulting me in front, in flank, and in the rear. Pooh!"

"Don't talk shop, Jack."

"Shop? Will you be kind enough to suggest some ordinary figure of speech that will give an idea of my situation? Plain language is quite useless. At least, I find it so."

"But, at any rate, what did she say?"

"Why?" answered Jack, in a more dismal voice than ever, "she said, 'Ah, Jack!—she called me Jack!—' Ah, Jack! I saw you looking for me. I knew you would come after me.'"

"Good Heavens!" I cried; "and what did you say?"

"Say? Heavens and earth, man! what could I say? Wasn't I a gentleman? Wasn't she a lady? Hadn't I forced her to commit herself? Didn't I have to assume the responsibility and pocket the consequences? Say! Oh, Macrorie! what is the use of imagination, if a man will not exercise it?"

"And so you're in for it?" said I, after a pause.

"To the depth of several miles," said Jack, relighting his pipe, which in the energy of his narrative had gone out.

"And you don't think of trying to back out?"

"I don't see my way. Then, again, you must know that I've been trying to see if it wouldn't be the wisest thing for me to make the best of my situation."

"Certainly it would, if you cannot possibly get out of it."

"But, you see, for a fellow like me it may be best not to get out of it. You see, after all, I like her very well. She's an awfully fine woman—splendid action. I've been round there ever so much; we've always been deuced thick; and she's got a kind of way with her that a fellow like me can't resist. And, then, it's time for me to begin to think of settling down. I'm getting awfully old. I'll be twenty-three next August. And then, you know, I'm so deuced hard up. I've got to the end of my rope, and you are aware that the sheriff is beginning to be familiar with my name. Yes, I think for the credit of the regiment I'd better take the widow. She's got thirty thousand pounds, at least."

"And a very nice face and figure along with it," said I, encouragingly.

"That's a fact, or else I could never have mistaken her for poor little Louie, and this wouldn't have happened. But, if it had only been little Louie—well, well; I suppose it must be, and perhaps it's the best thing."

"If it had been Louie," said I, with new efforts at encouragement, "it wouldn't have been any better for you."

"No; that's a fact. You see, I was never so much bothered in my life. I don't mind an ordinary scrape; but I can't exactly see my way out of this."

"You'll have to break the news to Miss Phillips."

"And that's not the worst," said Jack, with a sigh that was like a groan.

"Not the worst? What can be worse than that?"

"My dear boy, you have not begun to see even the outside of the peculiarly complicated nature of my present situation. There are other circumstances to which all these may be playfully represented as a joke."

"Well, that is certainly a strong way of putting it."

"Couldn't draw it mild—such a situation can only be painted in strong colors. I'll tell you in general terms what it is. I can't go into particulars. You know all about my engagement to Miss Phillips. I'm awfully fond of her—give my right hand to win hers, and all that sort of thing, you know. Well, this is going to be hard on her, of course, poor thing! especially as my last letters have been more tender than common. But, old chap, that's all nothing. There's another lady in the case!"

"What?" I cried, more astonished than ever.

Jack looked at me earnestly, and said, slowly and solemnly:

CHAPTER V.—"FACT, MY BOY—IT IS AS I SAY.—THERE'S ANOTHER LADY IN THE CASE, AND THIS LAST IS THE WORST SCRAPE OF ALL!"

"ANOTHER lady?" I faltered.

"Another lady!" said Jack.

"Oh!" said I.

"Yes," said he.

"An engagement, too!"

"An engagement? I should think so—and a double-barrelled one, too. An engagement—why, my dear fellow, an engagement's nothing at all compared with this. This is something infinitely worse than the affair with Louie, or Miss Phillips, or even the widow. It's a bad case—yes—an infernally bad case—and I don't see that I'll have to throw up the widow, after all."

"It must be a bad case, if it's infinitely worse than an engagement, as you say it is. Why, man, it must be nothing less than actual marriage. Is that what you're driving at? It must be. So you're a married man, are you?"

"No, not just that, not quite—as yet—but the very next thing to it?"

"Well, Jack, I'm sorry for you, and all that I can say is, that it is a pity that this isn't Utah. Being Canada, however, and a civilized country, I can't see for the life of me how you'll ever manage to pull through."

Jack sighed dolefully.

"To tell the truth," said he, "it's this last one that gives me my only trouble. I'd marry the widow, settle up some way with Miss Phillips, smother my shame, and pass the remainder of my life in peaceful obscurity, if it were not for her."

"You mean by *her*, the lady whose name you don't mention."

"Whose name I don't mention, nor intend to," said Jack, gravely. "Her case is so peculiar that it cannot be classed with the others. I never breathed a word about it to anybody, though it's been going on for six or eight months."

Jack spoke with such earnestness, that I perceived the subject to be too grave a one in his estimation to be trifled with. A frown came over his face, and he once more eased his mind by sending forth heavy clouds of smoke, as though he would thus throw off the clouds of melancholy that had gathered deep and dark over his soul.

"I'll make a clean breast of it, old chap," said he, at length, with a very heavy sigh. "It's a bad business from beginning to end."

"You see," said he, after a long pause, in which he seemed to be collecting his thoughts—"it began last year—the time I went to New York, you know. She went on at the same time. She had nobody with her but a deaf old party, and got into some row at the station about her luggage. I helped her out of it, and sat by her side all the way. At New York I kept up the acquaintance. I came back with them, that is to say, with her, and the deaf old party, you know, and by the time we reached Quebec again we understood one another."

"I couldn't help it—I'll be hanged if I could! You see, Macrorie, it wasn't an ordinary case. She was the loveliest little girl I ever saw, and I found myself awfully fond of her in no time. I soon saw that she was fond of me too. All my other affairs were a joke to this. I wanted to marry her in New York, but the thought of my

debts frightened me out of that, and so I put it off. I half wish now I hadn't been so confoundedly prudent. Perhaps it is best, though. Still I don't know. Better be the wife of a poor devil, than have one's heart broken by a mean devil. Heigho!"

H E I G H O are the letters which are usually employed to represent a sigh. I use them in accordance with the customs of the literary world.

"Well," resumed Jack, "after my return I called on her, and repeated my call several times. She was all that could be desired, but her father was different. I found him rather chilly, and not at all inclined to receive me with that joyous hospitality which my various merits deserved. The young lady herself seemed sad. I found out, at last, that the old gentleman amused himself with badgering her about me; and finally she told me, with tears, that her father requested me to visit that house no more. Well, at that I was somewhat taken aback; but, nevertheless, I determined to wait till the old gentleman himself should speak. You know my peculiar coolness, old chap, that which you and the rest call my happy audacity; and you may believe that it was all needed under such circumstances as these. I went to the house twice after that. Each time my little girl was half laughing with joy, half crying with fear at seeing me; and each time she urged me to keep away. She said we could write to one another. But letter-writing wasn't in my line. So after trying in vain to obey her, I went once more in desperation to explain matters.

"Instead of seeing her, I found the old fellow himself. He was simply white, hot with rage—not at all noisy, or declamatory, or vulgar—but cool, cutting, and altogether terrific. He alluded to my gentlemanly conduct in forcing myself where I had been ordered off; and informed me that if I came again he would be under the unpleasant necessity of using a horsewhip. That, of course, made me savage. I pitched into him pretty well, and gave it to him hot and heavy, but, hang it! I'm no match for fellows of that sort; he kept so cool, you know, while I was furious—and the long and the short of it is, that I had to retire in disorder, vowing on him some mysterious vengeance or other, which I have never been able to carry out.

"The next day I got a letter from her. It was awfully sad, blotted with tears, and all that. She implored me to write her, told me she couldn't see me, spoke about her father's cruelty and persecution—and ever so many other things not necessary to mention. Well, I wrote back, and she answered my letter, and so we got into the way of a correspondence which we kept up at a perfectly furious rate. It came hard on me, of course, for I'm not much at a pen; my letters were short, as you may suppose, but then they were full of point, and what matters quantity so long as you have quality, you know? Her letters, however, poor little darling, were long and eloquent, and full of a kind of mixture of love, hope, and despair. At first I thought that I should grow reconciled to my situation in the course of time, but, instead of that, it grew worse every day. I tried to forget all about her, but without success. The fact is, I chafed under the restraint that was on me, and perhaps it was that which was the worst of all. I dare say now if I'd only been in some other place—in Montreal, for instance—I wouldn't have had such a tough time of it, and might gradually have forgotten about her; but the mischief of it was, I was here—in Quebec—close by her, you may say, and yet I was forbidden the house. I had been insulted and threatened. This, of course, only made matters worse, and the end of it was, I thought of nothing else. My very efforts to get rid of the bother only made it a dozen times worse. I flung myself into ladies' society with my usual ardor, only worse; committed myself right and left, and seemed to be a model of a gay Lothario. Little did they suspect that under a smiling face I concealed a heart of ashes—yes, old boy—ashes! as I'm a living sinner. You see, all the time, I was maddened at that miserable old scoundrel who wouldn't let me visit his daughter—me, Jack Randolph, an officer, and a gentleman, and, what is more, a Bobtail! Why, my very uniform should have been a guarantee for my honorable conduct. Then, again, in addition to this, I hankered after her, you know, most awfully. At last I couldn't stand it any longer, so I wrote her a letter. It was only yesterday. And now, old chap, what do you think I wrote?"

"I don't know, I'm sure," said I, mistily; "a declaration of love, perhaps?"

"A declaration of love? pooh!" said Jack; "as if I had ever written any thing else than that. Why, all my letters were nothing

else. No, my boy—this letter was very different. In the first place, I told her that I was desperate—then I assured her that I couldn't live this way any longer, and I concluded with a proposal as desperate as my situation. And what do you think my proposal was?"

"Proposal? Why, marriage, of course; there is only one kind of proposal possible under such circumstances. But still that's not much more than an engagement, dear boy, for an engagement means only the same thing, namely, marriage."

"Oh, but this was far stronger—it was different, I can tell you, from any mere proposal of marriage. What do you think it was? Guess."

"Can't. Haven't an idea."

"Well," said Jack—

CHAPTER VI.—"I IMPLOR HER TO RUN AWAY WITH ME, AND HAVE A PRIVATE MARRIAGE, LEAVING THE REST TO FATE. AND I SOLEMNLY ASSURED HER THAT, IF SHE REFUSED, I WOULD BLOW MY BRAINS OUT ON HER DOOR-STEPS.—THERE, NOW! WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THAT?"

SAYING the above words, Jack leaned back, and surveyed me with the stern complacency of despair. After staring at me for some time, and evidently taking some sort of grim comfort out of the speechlessness to which he had reduced me by his unparalleled narrative, he continued his confessions:

"Last night, I made that infernal blunder with the widow—confound her!—that is, I mean of course, bless her! It's all the same, you know. To-day you behold the miserable state to which I am reduced. To-morrow I will get a reply from her. Of course, she will consent to fly. I know very well how it will be. She will hint at some feasible mode, and some convenient time. She will, of course, expect me to settle it all up, from her timid little hints; and I must settle it up, and not break my faith with her. And now, Macrorie, I ask you, not merely as an officer and a gentleman, but as a man, a fellow-Christian, and a sympathizing friend, what under Heaven am I to do?"

He stopped, leaned back in his chair, lighted once more his extinguished pipe, and I could see through the dense volumes of smoke which he blew forth, his eyes fixed earnestly upon me, gleaming like two stars from behind gloomy storm-clouds.

I sat in silence, and thought long and painfully over the situation. I could come to no conclusion, but I had to say something, and I said it.

"Put it off," said I at last, in a general state of daze.

"Put what off?"

"What? Why, the widow—no, the—the elopement, of course. Yes," I continued, firmly, "put off the elopement."

"Put off the elopement!" ejaculated Jack. "What! after proposing it so desperately—after threatening to blow my brains out in front of her door?"

"That certainly is a consideration," said I, thoughtfully; "but can't you have—well, brain-fever—yes, that's it, and can't you get some friend to send word to her?"

"That's all very well; but, you see, I'd have to keep my room. If I went out, she'd hear of it. She's got a wonderful way of hearing about my movements. She'll find out about the widow before the week's over. Oh, no! that's not to be done."

"Well, then," said I, desperately, "let her find it out. The blow would then fall a little more gently."

"You seem to me," said Jack, rather huffily, "to propose that I should quietly proceed to break her heart. No! Hang it, man, if it comes to that I'll do it openly, and make a clean breast of it, without shamming or keeping her in suspense."

"Well, then," I responded, "why not break off with the widow?"

"Break off with the widow!" cried Jack, with the wondering accent of a man who has heard some impossible proposal.

"Certainly; why not?"

"Will you be kind enough to inform me what thing short of death could ever deliver me out of her hands?" asked Jack, mildly.

"Elope, as you proposed."

"That's the very thing I thought of; but the trouble is, in that case she would devote the rest of her life to vengeance. 'Hell hath no fury like a woman wronged,' you know. She'd move heaven and earth, and never end, till I was drummed out of the regiment. No, my boy. To do that would be to walk with open eyes to disgrace, and

shame, and infamy, with a whole community, a whole regiment, and the Horse-Guards at the back of them, all banded together to crush me. Such a fate as this would hardly be the proper thing to give to a wife that a fellow loves."

"Can't you manage to make the widow disgusted with you?"

"No, I can't," said Jack, peevishly. "What do you mean?"

"Why, make it appear as though you only wanted to marry her for her money."

"Oh, hang it, man! how could I do that? I can't play a part, under any circumstances, and that particular part would be so infernally mean, that it would be impossible. I'm such an ass that, if she were even to hint at that, I'd resent it furiously."

"Can't you make her afraid about your numerous gallantries?"

"Afraid? why she glories in them. So many feathers in her cap, and all that, you know."

"Can't you frighten her about your debts and general extravagance—hint that you're a gambler, and so on?"

"And then she'd inform me, very affectionately, that she intends to be my guardian angel, and save me from evil for all the rest of my life."

"Can't you tell her all about your solemn engagement to Miss Phillips?"

"My engagement to Miss Phillips? Why, man alive, she knows that as well as you do."

"Knows it! How did she find it out?"

"How? Why I told her myself."

"The deuce you did!"

Jack was silent.

"Well, then," said I, after some further thought, "why not tell her every thing?"

"Tell her every thing?"

"Yes—exactly what you've been telling me. Make a clean breast of it."

Jack looked at me for some time with a curious expression.

"My dear boy," said he, at length, "do you mean to say that you are really in earnest in making that proposition?"

"Most solemnly in earnest," said I.

"Well," said Jack, "it shows how mistaken I was in leaving any thing to your imagination. You do not seem to understand," he continued, dolefully, "or you will not understand that, when a fellow has committed himself to a lady as I did, and squeezed her hand with such peculiar ardor, in his efforts to save himself and do what's right, he often overdoes it. You don't seem to suspect that I might have overdone it with the widow. Now, unfortunately, that is the very thing that I did. I did happen to overdo it most confoundedly. And so the melancholy fact remains that, if I were to repeat to her, verbatim, all that I've been telling you, she would find an extraordinary discrepancy between such statements and those abominably tender confessions in which I indulged on that other occasion. Nothing would ever convince her that I was not sincere at that time; and how can I go to her now and confess that I am a humbug and an idiot? I don't see it. Come, now, old fellow, what do you think of that? Don't you call it rather a tough situation? Do you think a man can see his way out of it? Own up, now. Don't you think it's about the worst scrape you ever heard of? Come, now, no humbug."

The fellow seemed actually to begin to feel a dismal kind of pride in the very hopelessness of his situation, and looked at me with a gloomy enjoyment of my discomfiture.

For my part, I said nothing, and for the best of reasons. I had nothing to say. So I took refuge in shaking my head.

"You see," Jack persisted, "there's no help for it. Nobody can do any thing. There's only one thing, and that you haven't suggested."

"What's that?" I asked, feebly.

Jack put the tip of his forefinger to his forehead, and snapped his thumb against his third.

"I haven't much brains to speak of," said he, "but if I did happen to blow out what little I may have, it would be the easiest settlement of the difficulty. It would be cutting the knot, instead of attempting the impossible task of untying it. Nobody would blame me. Everybody would mourn for me, and, above all, four tender female hearts would feel a pang of sorrow for my untimely fate. By all four I should be not cursed, but canonized. Only one class would suffer, and those would be welcome to their agonies. I allude, of course, to my friends the Duns."

To this eccentric proposal, I made no reply whatever.

"Well," said Jack, thoughtfully, "it isn't a bad idea. Not a bad idea," he repeated, rising from his chair and putting down his pipe, which had again gone out owing to his persistent loquacity. "I'll think it over," he continued, seriously. "You bear in mind my little directions about the head-stone, Macrorie, four feet by eighteen inches, old fellow, very plain, and, mark me, only the name and date. Not a word about the virtues of the deceased, etc. I can stand a great deal, but that I will not stand. And now, old chap, I must be off; you can't do me any good, I see."

"At any rate, you'll wait till to-morrow," said I, carelessly.

"Oh, there's no hurry," said he. "Of course, I must wait till then. I'll let you know if any thing new turns up."

And saying this, he took his departure.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A MUTUAL MISTAKE.

"DRAB and cherry for the parlors, with satin-wood, don't you think, Flossy? And blue instead of the inevitable green for the dining-room. As for the bedrooms—"

"Never mind about the bedrooms, or any of the other rooms, for that matter, if you please, Mr. Rossitir. Remember you gave me *carte blanche* about this furnishing, and I mean to show you an *original* house, with no stereotyped colors or styles. Just confide in my taste, and keep your purse-strings open!"

"To the extent of their capacity, my dear. And, of course, I wouldn't dare to venture to question a woman's taste, least of all this little woman's. But your eyes, Flossy, your eyes! You hadn't developed your interesting intention of becoming blind when I gave you that *carte blanche*, you know. Why, I suspect, when the doctor has done with you, you won't be able to distinguish between a Metternich green and a Dagmar blue!"

The eyes thus disrespectfully alluded to flashed laughing reproach at this teasing speech.

"Now, Fred, it is too bad of you to remind me of what I have to undergo, just as I was trying to get my courage up by forgetting it for a moment. And when did you turn man-milliner, I should like to know? You ought to be ashamed to know one color from another, and I don't believe you do, either. I sha'n't let you choose a thing; it's quite enough for you to have the honor of paying the bills."

"Hush, Flossy! here is the doctor. Now do be brave, dear," interrupted her companion, in a changed voice; and Flossy turned white, and looked piteously round.

The door of the private room opened, and a tall, grave-looking man advanced into the anteroom. He was holding by the hand a pale little girl with a green shade bound closely over her eyes, and his new patient noticed how trustingly the little thing clung to him, despite the pain he had probably just inflicted upon her; and it inspired her with a feeling of confidence on her own part. Still she trembled and grew quite cold, when, having dismissed the child at the door with a cheery good-by, the oracle who was to decide the fate of those pretty blue eyes of hers approached herself and her companion, and, bowing, desired to know their commands.

"We have been referred to you, by our family physician, as a most skilful oculist, Dr. Buchanan;" said Mr. Rossitir, presenting his card. "I wish to consult you on behalf of my—this lady. He apprehends some serious difficulty with her eyes. Will you be good enough to examine them for yourself?"

The doctor bowed with professional gravity, and leading the way into the inner room, requested the lady to be seated in the "patient's chair." But poor Flossy grew whiter still, and looked piteously at Fred, who laughed nervously, and at the doctor, who answered with a reassuring smile. Then she rose with a mighty effort, shook out her sashes, stepped doubtfully through the door, as though she were crossing the threshold of the Inquisition, and let herself down into the great leatheren receptacle as gingerly as though it were the rack itself.

"Oh—o!" she exclaimed, with a little irrepressible nervous cry, as the doctor adjusted the chair so as to move her head backward. Fred laughed again at this, and the doctor looked amused; and Flossy, ashamed of her babyishness, seated herself resolutely in the dreadful

chair, set her little teeth, clinched her kidded fingers, and—shut her eyes tight! determined to bear like a woman and a heroine whatever fate might be in store for her.

"But I must *see* your eyes, if you please, madam," said the doctor.

Flossy opened them with a flash, reddening furiously at her own stupidity. Then she laughed, and the two gentlemen joined her; and after that they all felt more at their ease, and Dr. Buchanan proceeded quietly to make the examination.

Very keen and intelligent was the searching gaze of his clear gray eyes; very firm though gentle the touch of his strong, slender fingers; and Flossy felt an instinctive confidence in his verdict, be it what it might, would be final, and trembled inwardly while she awaited it.

It was bad enough, but not so bad as it might be, when it came at length: "Convicted but not condemned," might be rendered as the summing up. There was a certainty of reprieve, and a hope of ultimate rescue; but, meanwhile, the penance of total idleness, and daily subjection to medical treatment, was adjudged.

Flossy drew a long breath of relief; it was so much better than she had feared; and Fred, the big, tender-hearted fellow, rushed up with tears in his eyes, and embraced her regardless of appearances. The little lady colored violently, and pushed him hastily away.

"For shame, Fred!" she expostulated, in a vehement whisper; and then, to conceal her embarrassment, said gayly to the doctor:

"Do, pray, give us again the nice long name of what you said was the matter with my eyes. People will be sure to ask, and I shall feel so learned when I tell them."

Dr. Buchanan replied gravely, and discreetly assumed to have seen nothing of what had happened.

But he had seen, nevertheless, and envied while he saw; and even after the pain had departed with hearts wonderfully lightened, to forget their fears in the delightful mysteries of house-furnishing; and even while he himself was busy with innumerable cases of ophthalmia, amaurosis, and Heaven knows what unutterable ailments of unfortunate opties, the remembrance of the comical touching scene came back to him more than once, and with it a hope that he might not have to do any thing very terrible to those soft, blue eyes that had looked up so wistfully to his; for it was very evident that whatever pain was inflicted on them would duplicate itself in the heart of the fond young lover or husband—whichever he was.

Meanwhile, said "problematic character" was deep with Flossy in the mysteries of velvet, satin, and brocatelle, and, thanks to their united industry and perseverance, the great work of fitting up the new house was most satisfactorily inaugurated by dinner-time.

Fred was too busy to accompany her to the doctor's next morning, and Flossy went off quite courageously alone. The physician seemed a little surprised to see her thus, and thought better of her nerve than he had done the day before. He thought better of it still, when he saw with what quiet fortitude she underwent the very painful application which he presently proceeded to make. The poor inflamed eyelids were turned inside out, and "painted" with some pungent salve; drops of some fiery liquid fell like living coals upon the sore and quivering balls; but she made no sign of suffering after the first, long, shuddering sigh. She sat quite still, growing white to the lips, and with her finger-tips pressed tight together, but she neither flinched nor cried out; and when it was over, and she lay back for a moment with the poor, smarting eyes closed, and the tears running down her pale cheeks, the doctor was fain to comfort her as he would have done a child.

"There, the worst is over now," he said, gently, "for the first is always the worst; and you have the consolation of having proved your heroism at least."

"That isn't the least bit of consolation, thank you," retorted Flossy, piquantly, coming out of her forced calm, as the pain subsided a little, and drying her tears with a drolly pathetic air. "I am not at all ambitious of being considered heroic. Of course, if I *must* suffer, I want to behave like a woman, and not like a baby; but I had much rather, if you please, not have to suffer at all."

"You don't believe, then, in the strengthening and purifying power of pain?" said the doctor.

"I'm afraid I don't. I have no faith in the 'be good and you'll be happy' doctrine; when I'm happy, I'm always good. So are other people, I believe, and they can't be happy while they are suffering.

Hence, as we used to say at school, if I could banish pain from the world, I'd do it, and then we'd all be happy, and all be good."

"What would the orthodox people and the poets say to such heresy?" asked the doctor, amused at her flippancy.

"Knowledge by suffering entereth,"

you know, and you surely wouldn't venture to oppose Longfellow's dictum, impressed upon you, doubtless, in your first reader, that it is a very particularly sublime thing

"To suffer and be strong!"

"Oh, I know all they say," said Flossy, shrugging her shoulders; "but it seems to me if we were spared the suffering, we wouldn't need the strength. At any rate, I'm Sybarite enough to wish I could try it. I think they were the wisest of the old philosophers, after all. There is Mrs. Browning, now, who asks in sad amaze if we would

"Refuse the baptism of salt tears?"

I wonder if she ever had sore eyes? Doctor, what *have* you done to make me cry so incessantly? You will ruin me in pocket-handkerchiefs!"

She held up a little cambric trifle, completely saturated with the moisture which the scalding applications had caused to flow plentifully from her eyes, and the doctor gravely presented his own handkerchief. It was large, and fine, and cool, and Flossy took it simply, and pressed it to her smarting eyeballs.

"I like the smell of Florida water," she said, naively; "it is so refreshing, while most perfumes are, on the contrary, oppressive." And she again applied the fragrant linen to her eyes.

The doctor flushed with an odd sense of pleasure, and gave an amused assent—beginning, meanwhile, to fold up powders.

"You ought to feel quite honored," he said, presently, "at being allowed to share St. Paul's infirmity. You know the learned in those matters have decided diseased eyes to have been his 'thorn in the flesh'."

"I don't believe it," said Flossy, irreverently; "it is only their opinion, and I have as good a right to mine. I think he was jilted, and that that was the reason he remained a bachelor, and was so cross on the subject of marriage!"

Dr. Buchanan laughed outright.

"When have I heard so much heterodoxy in one day!" he said; "but, of course, no woman would admit that a man would ever remain unmarried of his own free choice."

"Not such a sensible man as St. Paul was, at any rate," retorted Flossy; and the doctor thought, involuntarily, of the tall and handsome young man who had accompanied his fair patient on the preceding day, and of the housekeeperly confab which he had partially overheard.

"I can easily imagine that you would have no trouble in winning converts to your opinion," he said, courteously, but Flossy never noticed compliments, and drying her eyes, finally, on the doctor's handkerchief, returned it to him, and rose to go. As she took up her bonnet, a slight sound behind her attracted her attention, and turning she saw a door leading to another apartment open hesitatingly. A sweet, young face appeared for a moment at the opening, and a soft voice said apologetically:

"I beg pardon for interrupting, but I must see you just a moment, Alec, about something important."

"Immediately," answered the doctor; and Flossy, thinking that it was plain, not only that he was no imitator of St. Paul, but that he had displayed uncommon good taste in his choice for a wife, took the package of medicine which he handed her, and made her way out through a room fast filling with patients.

Flossy went the next day, and the next, and continued to go each day, at the same hour, to her new physician; and, strange to say, in spite of all the inquisitorial tortures he subjected her to—the scalding, blistering, cupping, leeching, and so on—her visits to his office gradually grew to be the chief pleasure of her day. Knowing that he was an "old married man," and that his pretty young wife was always at hand in the next room, there was no need for her to assume a reserve foreign to her frank and genial temper; so she laughed and chattered freely with him, after the manner of women with physicians whom they like and trust, and he found it impossible to resist the charm of her sunny mood. Besides, another tie, closer than that of doctor and patient, had been discovered between them.

One day when, in the mutual skirmish of wits, she had launched

a delicate arrow at some pet foible of his, he turned upon her, threatening a new application of torture, and shaking ominously a small phial containing some colorless liquid.

"What are you going to do with that?" she demanded, half defiant, half deprecating.

"I am going to drop some of it behind your ears," said the doctor, severely, "to blister them, as a punishment for hearing all that I say in a perversely-distorted fashion; and, if I were not very merciful, I should likewise bestow a little upon the tip of your equally perverse tongue."

"Oh—h, don't, please!" cried Flossy, shrinking away as he approached her. "I will take it all back. Will it hurt much?"

"Too late for repentance now," said the doctor in a stern voice, but gathering away very tenderly the soft bright curls which clung about the pretty little ears; and thinking what a shame it was that it should be necessary to fret that dainty skin with troublesome blisters.

Flossy held her breath and sat tremblingly expectant of some sudden, sharp pain; but the terrible drops fell harmless as if they had been water, and Dr. Buchanan laughed aloud at her look of surprise and relief.

"I did punish you, did I not?" he said, in glee; "but the fright was the whole of it. The blisters will not be painful, only a little uncomfortable, and a great relief to your eyes."

"But I should like to know how I am to do my hair?" said Flossy, plaintively. "I shall just knot it all up at the back of my head."

"Oh, don't!" begged the doctor. "It is such beautiful hair. I beg your pardon, but I have a sort of right to praise it, because it is so Scotch—the real gold of a Highland lassie's locks. The very sight of it flowing free from its ribbon mood, in these days of dragged-up and frizzled topknobs, gives me a home feeling. Do you know I have fancied more than once that your forbears must have been countrymen of mine? These eyes are certainly the true Scotch blue, and you don't know how it hurts me to pour this burning stuff into them."

The sudden, scorching pain made Flossy hold her breath for a few minutes; but, when it had subsided somewhat, she said, eagerly:

"So you are Scotch? I never thought of it before, and yet I might have known it by the name, and by—by—"

"By what, please?" said the doctor, with eager eyes on her face.

"By my learning to like you so quickly," said Flossy, frankly, though her color deepened under his pleased look. "For you must know, I have always had the greatest liking for every thing Scotch. The 'Scottish Chiefs' was my first novel; I could spout whole pages of it at the mature age of seven, and Sir William Wallace has been my pet hero ever since. After I got beyond Miss Porter, Sir Walter Scott took possession of me, and many a scolding I got for lessons neglected because of his fascinations. To this day no poet has ever touched me as Burns has; and, in short, no country has ever interested me so much as Scotland. Some day I shall make a pilgrimage there!"

Dr. Buchanan flushed with a strange pleasure at this earnest praise of his "ain country." "And are you sure," he asked, "that you are not of Scotch descent yourself? I cannot help thinking so now more than ever."

"And I think so too," said Flossy, gravely, "though my father was of Irish parentage. But, you know, once upon a time—I'm sure I don't know when, for I never can remember dates—but not such a very great while ago, a number of Scotch families exiled themselves to the north of Ireland for the sake of their religion, and formed a colony there, whose descendants are still Presbyterians. I am sure my father came of these people, though I was too young ever to be talked to about these things. For he was the perfect realization in mind and person of my idea of a Scotch Covenanter; tall and large and austere, with blue eyes that looked right through one, and a mouth that seldom smiled. He was a Presbyterian, dyed in the wool, and his idea of milk for the babes was the Confession of Faith, and the Westminster Catechism. How well I remember standing up before him of a Sunday—I mean Sabbath—afternoon, when about so high! beginning at 'What is the chief end of man?' and going through all the mysteries of Redemption, Justification, and Sanctification, about as understandingly as Deb Milton used to read Greek to her father. And my mother sat by—she was a sunny-hearted Englishwoman—protesting in vain against her little ones being taught that they were the children of

wrath, and, as likely as not, foreordained by God's good pleasure to eternal misery. Oh, how plainly I can see it all now, though it is many a weary day since I saw them!"

Flossy leaned back in the great leather chair, and, shutting her poor eyes, suffered herself to wander back into the half-forgotten past; and Dr. Buchanan stood by, looking down upon the wistful young face, which he had only seen before sparkling with the sunshine of a merry mood, or pale with patience under pain, thinking how sweet it was in shine or shadow, and feeling a curious sensation, of sympathy and interest for his fair young patient, stirring somewhere under his vest.

When he spoke, however, it was in the old gay tone:

"Well, I am delighted that my intention has proved correct about our being one-country folk," he said. "And now, do you know, I believe I could guess your house-name; I could tell you, at least, what I think you *ought* to have been called."

"What?" asked Flossy, laughing and curious.

"One of the sweet Scotch lassie-names, of course; I cannot quite decide: Effie, or Marian, or Flora. Flora, I think, suits you best. Do you like it?"

Flossy started in amused surprise, but instantly assumed a demure look. "Why does Flora suit me best?" she asked.

Dr. Buchanan hesitated, reddened a little, and then spoke out:

"You must pardon me, for you have asked the question. It is because you have such a flower-like face. Such peach-blossom cheeks and rosebud lips, eyes like bluebells, and hair as yellow as the golden gorse on our glorious Scotch moors. You must know yourself that it suits you."

Flossy's peach-blossoms turned to carnations, but she laughed in glee, and said, merrily:

"Well, you are not far wrong. My name is Florence."

The doctor started, and flushed with pleasure.

"Is it so, indeed?" he said, eagerly. "But I should—they should—call you Flora, as a pet name. Do they?"

"No," said his patient. "Fred—and Fred is all I have now—" the shadow crossed her face again—"calls me always Flossy." The glow faded from the doctor's face likewise, and he bit his lip. He had forgotten, for a moment, that she belonged to a "Fred," and he did not find it pleasant to be thus abruptly reminded of it. He said, presently, in a quiet voice:

"It is a pretty little name. And, now, here is your medicine, and you are not to forget that after this we two Highland folk are to be real friends?"

"I think that we are so already," said Flossy, simply, looking at him with a clear glance of her truthful eyes, and putting her hand frankly into the one he offered, as she rose to go.

So the days and the weeks slipped by, and the friendship, sudden as it was, lost none of its interest, but the rather grew in strength and nearness. The visits of so sweet and bright a patient were like oases in the desert of the doctor's daily toil; and Flossy, without acknowledging it to herself, passed the happiest hour of her day at his office. They somehow suited each other exactly; and, no matter what was the topic touched upon in their many talks, whether "grave or gay, or lively or severe," there was sure to be something which gave unconscious proof of their harmony of taste and temperament; and neither felt so happy, so natural, so entirely the *best self*, as with the other.

Dr. Buchanan made some ineffectual struggles against the growth of a feeling which, he knew, could lead to nothing further; Flossy, in childlike unconsciousness, made no struggles, but enjoyed the present without a thought of her future.

This trial of her eyes, in addition to the anxiety and suffering it had brought her, had given her likewise a pleasant friend and a great many charming hours. She accepted the one with the other, and, almost without knowing it, found her chief delight in her visits to his office. She was really startled and annoyed with herself one morning, when it rained so preposterously that she was positively ashamed to go out, to find that the storm had brought an actual disappointment; that she could settle comfortably to nothing; and was unable to rid herself of a disagreeable sense of something precious being lost from her day.

It set the little lady thinking very seriously, and, when she made her next visit, the doctor's manner was not such as to lull her back into unconsciousness.

The warmth of pleasure, in his greeting was unmistakable, and his words had meaning in their jest.

"I generally like a rainy day," he said; "it gives me some relief from the press of daily work, and even sometimes permits me a peep into a book; but I must confess that yesterday was unmitigatedly dreary. I missed more than one kind of sunshine, and I am afraid I was abominably cross to the few patients who braved the storm. Am I very selfish in hoping that the rain disappointed you too, just a little bit, on account of your eyes, of course, you know?"

Now Flossy was very innocent and childlike, but there was something in the doctor's look and tone, despite the playfulness of his words, which she felt instinctively there should not be, coming from him to her; which she knew neither Fred nor the pretty little lady in the next room would like. At the same time she felt, with a burning rush of blood to her heart, that she could like it, far, far too well, if she should allow herself, and her resolve was taken on the instant. She answered so quickly and naturally that no one could have guessed what a sudden siege and repulse had been made within the moment in the citadel of her quiet-seeming breast, nor could the doctor imagine that she had suspected danger or intended defence.

"Yes," said she, lightly; "it was very naughty in you, both to wish me to feel disappointed and to be cross to your poor suffering patients. You deserve punishment, and I shall administer it in the information that this is my last visit to you. Fred was complimenting me only last night upon my eyes; said the violets were no longer over-weighted with dew, and all that sort of thing, you know. And, indeed, I find I no longer answer to Jeremiah's woful description of himself; my head is no longer a fountain of tears, nor mine eyes rivers of water; I can actually read, write, and work, once more without weeping, as though I had been unkindly chidden to my task. For this blessed consummation, I shall be eternally your debtor, doctor; but it leaves me nothing to do in the present but to bid you adieu, with the assurances of my most distinguished consideration."

She spoke gayly, and her lips smiled, but her hand trembled as she held it out, and her face drooped, like a flower on its stalk, beneath the searching gaze of the doctor's clear gray eyes. The news had come upon him like a blow, none the less heavy because for some time expected. He read now the answering pain she strove to hide in her faltering tone and changing hue, and he felt a wild longing to clasp her to his heart, just for one moment, and tell her how it hurt him to let her go, and compel the sweet avowal that the parting was as bitter to her. But the mad thought was stifled as soon as born; he felt that she had taken the only wise, the only right course, and he compelled himself to answer her in the same vein.

"Weel, it's an ill wind that blows naebody gude," he said, in a broad-Scotch dialect, and with a mock-rueful countenance. "I shall be left lamenting, but you will be freed from my cruelties. However, in order that you may not entirely forget me, I shall bestow upon you some parting souvenirs. Here is medicine to be taken whenever a chance cold may bring a return of the inflammation; here is a lotion to be applied occasionally, and here is—a leech. I will screw him up so tightly in this box that you may carry him in your pocket if you like. Keep him in a vase of pure water, and put him on if at any time you should feel again that congestion of the balls. You will give me thought, perhaps, as you change his water daily, and I shall think of him feeding on more blue-veined temples, and—"

"Nonsense!" broke in Flossy, putting back from the doctor's hand the vase which contained several of the blood-thirsty little reptiles; "if I need any more such severe remedies, I shall come to you again. But I have no fear that I shall, thanks to your skill and your great kindness and patience."

Her voice was beginning to break again, and she added, hastily:

"And now, doctor—friend—I must really say good-by." She put out her hand, and the doctor seized and held it tight. "You will believe," she began, again steadyng her voice, but just then the same door, whose opening had interrupted them once before, opened again, and the same sweet voice timidly requested "just one word with Alec."

The doctor looked impatient.

"Please stay just one moment longer," he begged, darting out of the room before she had time to refuse. He returned almost immediately, and Flossy said, in a reproachful tone:

"I am afraid you have not half listened to what your wife had to

say, Dr. Buchanan. I am sorry you hurried so. I would much rather have waited till she had finished."

The doctor stared at his patient in blank amazement.

"My wife! What do you mean?" he asked.

It was Flossy's turn now to look surprised.

"I mean your wife, of course," she said; "the lovely little lady who occupies the next room, and whom you have just left."

The doctor stood for a moment silent and confounded, then broke into an irrepressible laugh.

"So you thought I was married, did you?" he said, in exceeding amusement. "I must tell Elsie that."

"And are you not, then?" asked Flossy, in an eager, faltering tone. "But I saw you, Dr. Buchanan—I beg your pardon, but you left the door open—I saw you with your arm about that young lady, and her lips raised to yours."

With much hesitation, and many blushes, Flossy brought forward this terrible charge, but the doctor only met it with another uncontrollable laugh.

"And if you did," he said, as soon as he could speak, "who has a better right? Elsie is my only sister, and was married six months ago to my partner, whose house this is. She's such a little goose as to be still very fond of her big brother, and every now and then has some wonderful favor to ask of him, the granting of which she repays with a kiss. Poor little Elsie! how she will laugh when I tell her that she has been taken for my wife!"

Flossy laughed too, but it was very tremulously, and the crimson flush still dyed her downcast face, while her heart beat in great throbs, and her breath came too brokenly for speech. Dr. Buchanan looked at her as she stood blushing and quivering, searched her drooping face with his keen gray eyes, and a sudden great light flashed over his own countenance.

"Great Heaven!" he exclaimed, starting toward her, "I may have been taking for granted something equally without foundation. Will you tell me who was the gentleman who brought you here, and with whom I heard you discussing various housekeeping matters; the 'Fred,' I mean, of whom you have so often spoken? Surely your names are the same."

"Fred?" said Flossy, bewildered; "of course our names are the same. He is the son of my father's only brother, and my own and only cousin and guardian."

"But not your husband, nor your lover?" demanded the doctor, much excited.

"My husband! How absurd!" exclaimed Flossy, laughing hysterically, and crimsoning deeper than ever. "He is to be married within the month to the prettiest girl in New York, and it was for her we were choosing furniture."

"Let him, and welcome!" cried the doctor, exultantly, seizing Flossy's hands in his, and bending a glowing glance upon her. "My dear little patient, we have both of us, like a pair of simpletons, been taking it for granted that we each belonged to somebody else, whereas, in reality, we belong to each other, as I have felt from the first ought to be the case. Tell me, isn't it so? Won't you be my little patient, and let me be your doctor forever from henceforward? Don't be coquettish—answer me, I beg of you."

But Flossy held her face away shyly, and tried to hide the sudden great rush of happiness which had come over it.

"It is a mutual mistake," she said, saucily, "and I shall go directly and tell Fred about it. Good-morning!"

But though she rushed to the door in a wild, shy effort to escape, she was not allowed to go just yet, nor without paying toll; and it was well for her secret that the doctor had always required her to wear a thick veil in the street!

A DEAD LOVE.

It is dead,
Waiting here for its narrow bed!
Bring ye the face-cloth snowy white,
Over the forehead its chill folds lay,
Never again shall it meet my sight
Till it rises up at the judgment-day!

Lay it low,
Under the sod where the violets grow!
Hide it away in the darksome earth,
This pale clay that was once so dear;
Yesterday of such priceless worth—
What is it worth now—lying here?

Dumb and cold,
No soul sleeps in the marble mould!
Yet for the sake of what hath been,
Smooth ye its grave with reverent care;
Speak no word of its pain or sin,
While o'er the dead I breathe a prayer.

Will it rise,
Haunting me with its solemn eyes?
Will it come when the night grows deep,
Troubling me in my silent room?
With it shall I dread vigils keep—
It and my soul in the awful gloom?

No! ah, no!
Soul of mine, it shall not be so!
Dead and buried, I roll a stone
Unto the door of the sepulchre. There!
Rest, a sleeper, whose cry or moan
Never again shall vex the air!

THE WOMAN OF BUSINESS.

A NOVEL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE BACHELOR OF THE ALBANY."

CHAPTER XLVI.—HOW MRS. ROWLEY WENT THROUGH A FIERY ORDEAL, AND HOW INDIGNATION MADE HER ELOQUENT—HOW SHE NO SOONER SANK THAN SHE ROSE, AND WHO ARRIVED UNEXPECTEDLY TO WITNESS HER TRIUMPH.

MRS. ROWLEY sprang out of bed and ran out into the corridor. It was already full of smoke. In a moment she was joined by her daughters and two screaming maids, who perceived the fire almost as soon as she did herself. Patty Penrose, too, and the other servants, were heard crying out from below; for the side of the cottage where Mrs. Rowley and the girls slept was two-story, the house being built on the slope of a steep bank. The principal staircase was now so full of scorching air that escape by that way was impossible; but there was a smaller one in a wing, which was still practicable, although the smoke was rushing up that also, showing that the house was on fire in two places, which at once suggested to Mrs. Rowley that the fire was the act of an incendiary. There was barely time for such hurried dressing as female delicacy exacts in the most desperate circumstances. With only a shawl over her night-gear, her jewel-box in one hand and a box of her most valuable papers in the other, Mrs. Rowley made her way down, followed by her daughters and the shrieking maids. Susan tried to keep them quiet, but Mrs. Rowley told her to let them scream as loud as they pleased; it was as good as a tocsin. In less than five minutes from the first alarm they were all safe in the open air, including Patty with the account-books in her arms; and the out-door servants having been awakened by the screaming, Mrs. Rowley ordered one to ring the laborers' bell in the farm-yard, and another to fly to the village for the fire-engine.

There was a significant delay about the bell, for the rope had been cut; but that was quickly remedied, and the bell rang out a loud alarm which was sure to rouse the whole neighborhood. To Mrs. Rowley's great surprise, the first assistance to arrive was Mr. Blackadder, who had returned that very day to resume his duties. With the help of the servants he was enabled to save some plates and a few articles of furniture, for it was idle to think of resisting the progress of the flames. In all her trepidation Mrs. Rowley thought of the Cosies' portraits, and those precious works of art were among the few things that were saved.

But a mightier than Mr. Blackadder was at the same moment rushing through the gloomy waters, with a crew of his stalwart followers, to the relief of his friends in need. Arnaud's eye was indeed the first to discover the fire. After Mrs. Rowley left him that evening, he sat him down on the rocks near the landing-place

with his eyes fixed intently on the spot that held those who were dearest to him under heaven. He watched the lights at the Meadows go out one after the other, first Susan's and then Mrs. Rowley's, and still sat gazing, though there was nothing longer to be seen but what was indistinguishable from the dim circle of wood that bounded the horizon in that direction. Soon he perceived another stronger and redder light gleaming from the lower story, first on one side of the house, then on the other, and in a moment he concluded it could only be fire. He flew to the nearest huts as quickly as he drew the inference, and, rousing the inmates, two of the stoutest men on the island, hurried them with him to the beach. The bell caught his ears about midway, and he called on the men to redouble their efforts, for they had only their oars to depend on. He himself worked one pair with the vigor of a Canadian boatman on the St. Lawrence to shun the fatal cataract. Landed, it was one race to the bridge with the speed of the Olympic games. Close to it he found the road barricaded by the trunk of a tall larch, which Mr. Cosie had recently felled, but had certainly not placed it where Arnaud found it. At the same moment hearing shouting and the clatter of wheels in the direction of the village, he paused an instant to reflect, and conjecturing, which was the fact, that it was the fire-engine from Oakland, he raised the tree from the ground and swung it on one side of the road with an effort of strength that astonished his companions. Then another race for the burning house, of which the flames were now lighting up the whole country-side.

He reached the scene of conflagration too late for any chance of saving the cottage, but not too late for an emergency which had just arisen; for Susan Rowley, who had taken the colors up to her room, which had only just been finished before she went to bed, suddenly recollected them, and before any one could restrain her, rushed back into the house to rescue them. She succeeded as far as laying her hands on them, but on attempting to return again by the door, found that way of escape barred by the progress of the flames. She appeared at the window just as Arnaud came up, and, wild with terror, was about to spring down on the terrace beneath, a height of nearly twenty feet, when she saw her unexpected deliverer prepared to receive her in his arms. For a moment she forgot her danger, and hesitated, but one earnest, imploring word decided her, and she jumped down with the colors in her hand. He sustained her with almost the solidity of a rock, only sinking a little on one knee under her weight. Fanny swooned with terror, and Mrs. Rowley's nerve hardly kept her from giving away also. The engine came too late to be of any service. Within less than an hour from the first discovery of the flames, not a rafter remained unconsumed of Mr. Cosie's comfortable cottage. Many an autumn morning had shed its rosy light on its picturesque gables. The next dawn found nothing but a smoking ruin, and, instead of the smell of flowers and shrubs, the offensive scent of fire tainting the air.

Mr. Blackadder's return was most opportune. The burnt-out widow and her daughters willingly accepted the shelter he cordially offered them, and returned to the parsonage with him, wrapped in the great coats and cloaks of the gentlemen to protect them from the cold.

As they proceeded in this miserable plight to the parsonage, they met another reverend gentleman coming leisurely to their succor. This was Mr. Choker, who, with the habitual care of himself that never forsook him under the most trying circumstances, had dressed himself completely, and not even forgotten to wrap himself in a Scotch plaid of Mr. Blackadder's, nor to fortify his neck with a woolen comforter. Mrs. Rowley could not help smiling in all her tribulation; and, indeed, poor old Mr. Cosie, with his wife's flannel petticoat over his shoulders, and his broad-brimmed hat over his nightcap, would at another time have caused mirth enough, too.

When a magistrate, a parson, and a lawyer, are unanimous on a point, they are pretty likely to have taken the right view of it. The only question with Mrs. Rowley's friends the next day was who the incendiaries were, and what could possibly have been their motive; for it was a case of incendiarism was beyond all doubt. While they were deliberating, Mr. Upjohn joined them. He had just arrived, and hearing of the catastrophe in the village, hurried to the parsonage to assure himself that his relations had sustained no personal injury. The delinquent clerk occurred to Mr. Cosie before long. He was a bad character in every way, and the crime might have been his revenge for his detection and dismissal. Mr. Marjoram thought this a very probable explanation of the fire, and suggested that a description of his person, and a reward for his capture, should immediately be posted in the village and published in the county papers. Mr. Cosie said the fellow was easily described, and on mentioning the most striking particulars of his personal appearance, Mr. Upjohn immediately recollected the young man whom he had seen at the door of the house in Bath.

"I have no doubt," he said, "it was the same fellow; he probably wanted to get my wife to interfere for him to get him reinstated."

"Highly probable," said Marjoram, gravely, with an extremely cautious glance at Mr. Cosie, which the magistrate perfectly understood.

"Did he see Mrs. Upjohn?" asked Mr. Blackadder. Marjoram had been afraid to put that question.

"I really can't say," said Upjohn, "for I was out at the time; nor do I see that it matters a pin whether he saw her or not."

"Just so," said Mr. Marjoram.

Mrs. Rowley, hearing that her brother-in-law had come, sent to request him to come up to her in her room, where she was breakfasting. He offered at once in his usual kindly way to receive Lord Eglenour at Foxden, and do every thing in his power to assist her in this unforeseen difficulty. Their interview was very brief. He mentioned to her the same fact he had mentioned to her friends below-stairs, but she made no comment upon it.

Most probably the destruction of the Meadows reminded Mr. Upjohn of the last words of his wife's tirade a few days before; but he attached no further meaning to them than that she was impatient for Mrs. Rowley's removal to the Manor House. Indeed, it must have been either to that, or to the prospect of her dispossession, that Mrs. Upjohn alluded on that occasion, as she had not yet seen the instrument which the fiend so obligingly sent her just at the right moment.

Mr. Upjohn had no sooner left the parsonage, than Mrs. Rowley sent her maid to the parlor to tell the gentlemen there that she would go down and meet them.

"Poor lady," said Marjoram, "she is greatly to be pitied; we must do what we can to cheer her up and encourage her."

"It would have been better," said Mr. Cosie, "if she had kept her room quietly to-day, but she is naturally excited by what she has gone through."

"Let us all be calm," said the curate, "and urge upon her the duty of being calm too."

While they were talking, the door opened, and Mrs. Rowley, with a red shawl thrown over the white dimity in which she fled from the fire, entered the room.

The only visible discomposure about her was that of her splendid hair, which had not received the attentions of her maid that morning. Stately she always was, but now she was also as serene as Fate. The three gentlemen who had just been agreeing to comfort and tranquillize her, were infinitely less composed than she was. She was a little pale, but it was not the paleness of dismay or perplexity. She advanced without the least nervousness, and took the chair which Mr. Blackadder presented to her.

"Gentlemen," she said, "I need not say how much I thank you for your kind interest in my misfortunes; but this last misfortune, let me tell you, has actually done me a service, by putting an end to all doubt as to the course I ought henceforward to pursue. The victim of relentless hostility, I have hitherto been too passive, and, perhaps, too scrupulous under it. I have pocketed my wrongs with a patience which has been of no use to me. I have lived a retired life, only minding my own business, injuring nobody either in word or deed; and the end is, that I am burned out of my home, or, rather, out of poor Mr. Cosie's, and myself and my daughters have barely escaped with our lives. I mean to pursue another system, from this time forth. As obscurity has not protected me, perhaps publicity will. Since my enemies force prominence upon me, I am prepared to accept it. I am not going to be driven from the country by incendiaries of any rank or sex. You all understand me; among friends, at least, there is no use in mincing matters. As to the occasion for which Lord St. Michael's comes here to-day, it must be postponed, but only until to-morrow; I had intended to take no part in it, but I am now resolved to appear along with my daughters."

Even had her friends seen any thing to disapprove in the steps thus announced, the decision with which she spoke would have kept them silent; but they complimented her on her resolutions, only they thought she might very well put off the affair of the colors a little longer, if not altogether; but she was inflexible on the subject.

Meantime the population of the whole district was in a ferment of indignation at the atrocity which had been perpetrated, and the slur not only of lawlessness, but ingratitude, thrown upon it by such monstrous conduct toward their benefactress. Some of the principal farmers came at once to express their sympathies and resentment; and offers of assistance and temporary accommodation poured in from all sides.

When Mrs. Rowley opened her eyes on the morning of the appointed day, she found her daughter Susan hanging over her, looking as if some new perplexity had arisen.

"What is it, my dear?" said Mrs. Rowley, raising her head drowsily.

"Something very, very important," said her daughter, smiling to show it was nothing worse; "do you think it would be quite the thing for you to appear on this grand occasion in your white dimity dressing-gown?"

"Not at all the thing," said the widow, jumping up in the bed; "but what is to be done?"

"Fanny's idea," said Susan, "was to borrow Mr. Blackadder's gown and turn it into something for you, but I think I have hit on a better plan; Mrs. Cosie, I'm sure, will be able to hunt up some old black dress or another, out of that wonderful box of hers, and, as there will be sure to be stuff enough in any gown that she ever wore, we'll easily make something beautiful for you out of it."

The widow considered it a capital plan, and a messenger was on the point of starting with a note to the Cosies, when two of the Cosie

girls arrived at the parsonage with a cart-load of things both for Mrs. Rowley and her daughters, having bountifully anticipated their wants.

Mrs. Rowley was more touched than by any thing in her last calamity, to see what efforts those good people made to command their feelings before her who had been the innocent cause of the destruction of the house, where they had spent so many happy years, and which had grown to be part of themselves. A single tear trembling in Dorothy's eye, which she successfully struggled to keep from falling, brought a great many into Mrs. Rowley's.

But it was necessary to wipe them soon, for the dresses which Mrs. Cosie had fished up had to be rapidly cut down like first-rates to frigates, to adapt them to the figures and heights of their several wearers, and this occupied all hands so long, that it was hardly finished before two o'clock, the appointed hour for the meeting. It was to be held at Foxden, after all, for the ground which had been fixed on was covered with charred timber and relics of furniture still smouldering, even if the sadness of the scene had not put it out of the question.

Just as the party were setting out from the vicarage to walk to Foxden, which was not far off, who should arrive but Mr. Alexander! He had not expected to be in time for the ceremony, and probably was not very anxious on that point. He had already learned all that had taken place, and nothing remained to surprise him but the courage and indomitable spirit of Mrs. Rowley, who seemed to gather fresh strength from every buffet of adverse fortune. She certainly did look wonderfully brilliant and powerful that day, even without taking into full consideration the vexations and trials she had just gone through. The arrival of Alexander probably added some rays to the halo that surrounded her, but whether any fraction of her glory proceeded from the elevating thought that she wore the same rich though somewhat tarnished velvet which had once graced a Guildhall banquet, is a point which we must leave unsettled.

"I don't ask you," said Mrs. Rowley to her old friend, as they walked along, "why you did not come to us sooner; if you had, I need hardly say what a *warm* reception you would have got."

"I heartily wish I had been near you at such a trying time," said Alexander, "though I could have done nothing; but as Arnaud and I had a great struggle together once in peril by water, I should like to have been by his side again in a fight with another element."

"He saved Susan's life, as you saved his uncle's," said Mrs. Rowley. "She risked it to save the colors which she is going to present just now to his company."

They were now at the gate of Foxden, and the lanes and avenues were thronged with people hastening to the ground. Further conversation about Arnaud, or any thing else but the great business of the day, was out of the question.

At an early hour that morning, there was as great a stir in the parish of Oakham, and especially about Foxden, as if the French fleet had been visible off the coast, save that the excitement was not one of alarm. The townspeople were all attired in their best, banners were flying, guns firing, and a band, not quite detestable, as rural bands in England commonly are, was stationed at one side of the house, where they had already commenced playing those spirit-stirring airs which are supposed to make even cowards brave. The arrangements had been hurried, and were very imperfect.

Mr. Upjohn was to bring up his men, about a hundred in all, from the village where they were mustered, and Arnaud his troop by the road from the sea. Lord St. Michael's had not appeared, but when the cheers of the crowd announced Mrs. Rowley, he came out with Lady St. Michael's to receive her, and was heartily glad to see Alexander too. In a few minutes all the chief personages were collected in two or three groups under the windows, and they had not long to wait for the brave volunteers.

Mr. Upjohn, in the uniform of a deputy-lieutenant, for he had no other to wear, was the first to arrive. He was mounted on his favorite old pony, which looked as like a war-horse as its rider did to a warrior; but it was judicious in Upjohn to ride, for it concealed his personal defect. However, as he was personally popular, and even more, he was warmly received by everybody, as he took his station to the right of his corps, which made no very brilliant appearance.

When Arnaud came on the ground with his men, who were properly accoutred and got up, thanks to the Rowleys, to more than their leader, the contrast was striking; and the islanders were complimented and applauded on all sides, Arnaud himself loudly, owing to his commanding stature, perhaps, as much as to the respect he had won by his life and sacrifices.

When the proper moment came, Lord St. Michael's, after a very slight and formal inspection, inquired for the ensign, to receive the colors from the hands of Miss Rowley; but nobody answered to the call, for the sufficient reason that no such officer had been appointed or thought of. In this difficulty somebody named Arnaud, and instantly there was a loud call for him, which he promptly but modestly answered. Advancing toward Miss Rowley, who stood in front (Alexander assisting her to support the staff), he received the colors from her quivering fingers, and, as if the touch of her hand had communicated to his some extraordinary power, as it possibly did, he raised them and waved them above his head, as easily as if it had been a sprig of laurel. A lusty cheer, of course, followed such a feat of strength. When

the colors were unfurled they displayed, in silver threads worked on a dark-blue ground, the celebrated motto of the Waldenses. The Rowleys had, naturally, only Arnaud's troop in view in embroidering the flag.

"Upon my word," said his lordship to Mr. Upjohn, who had alighted, "as long as that gentleman bears the colors of your troop, it is not likely to fall into the enemy's hands."

"I think, my lord," said Marjoram, "these fine fellows will have a *causus belli* against the French, if they don't come over to be thrashed."

Susan Rowley ought, in correctness, to have been prepared with a neat little speech on the occasion; but the speech, like the ensign, had been overlooked in the hasty way in which every thing had been done. To fill up this new gap in the proceedings, Lord St. Michael's hinted to Mr. Upjohn, who was at his elbow, that it would be well if he would address the men briefly—a few words would be enough. But no sooner had he made the suggestion, than he saw reason to regret it in the gallant captain's elongated face. It is easy to talk of a short speech, but it is not every who can make one, long or short. Some of the finest speeches of Demosthenes are short; but Mr. Upjohn was no Demosthenes, except, perhaps, in point of valor, if that of the Athenian orator has not been unjustly disparaged. Mrs. Rowley, seeing her brother-in-law's embarrassment, approached to encourage him, and perhaps she might have succeeded; but the crowd understood what was going on, and in an instant a cry for Mrs. Rowley rose from all sides, and such a lusty one, that there was no resisting it. She was in the situation of a *prima donna*, called before the curtain; but she did not wait, as *prima donnas* often do, until the call was thrice repeated, for that would only have made Mr. Upjohn's backwardness more remarkable.

"My brave fellows!" she said, "since you prefer to be thanked by a lady for the alacrity with which you have answered the call of duty, accept through me the thanks of your queen and country. My private opinion is, that you will never draw your swords against an invader of the coasts of England; but that will be because your existence will tell her enemies what an invader has to expect. At all events, I shall not tremble for the shores of this peninsula while it is garrisoned by you. Many words would be out of place addressing soldiers. Go!" (she perorated, pointing to a great tent, which had been pitched for recreation of the most substantial kind) "and show by your prowess with your knives what the foe may look for if ever they venture on your bayonets."

The most uproarious applause followed Mrs. Rowley's first effort in public speaking, and no one in all the assembly applauded her lively little harangue with half the fervor of Mr. Upjohn, who frankly told all the people round him that he could not for a dukedom have delivered such a speech.

"However," he added, pleasantly, "it is the business of us soldiers to fight, not to talk."

The Cosies looked as if they could neither believe their ears nor their eyes, and the Misses Marjoram were very much in the same state of bewildered rapture, so much did Mrs. Rowley's last achievement exceed all that they had ever dreamed of any woman's performing, even such a woman as she was.

"Dear, dear me," cried Mrs. Cosie, "how could she ever do it? And she never wanted a word. What a pity and a shame they don't let ladies go into Parliament, and I think they ought to send Mrs. Rowley into the House at all events. And just to think that she made it in my old black velvet; dear, dear me, oughtn't I to be proud?"

And then she told Mary Marjoram the whole history of her old velvet, and its royal associations, and how she was not a bit proud of it when it was new; but she was now, and whenever she looked at it, she would never think of King William again as long as she lived.

"Well," said Mary, smiling, "she is wonderful, indeed, everybody must admit; but, Mrs. Cosie, dear, you are a wonderful woman yourself to be here and looking so well and so resigned, and your beautiful cottage burnt to the ground."

Mrs. Rowley now joined them, and Mary repeated what she had just said, while the widow was embracing Mrs. Cosie, whom she had not seen since the catastrophe.

Mrs. Rowley said she almost felt as if she had burned the cottage herself; but Mrs. Cosie could only think of her goodness in saving the pictures, which no money could replace.

"As to the house, ma'am, it was just the will of God; and if it hadn't been burnt then, it might have been burnt some other time; and my own self was as much to blame as anybody; for many a time Cosie talked of having it tiled, and my girls and myself wouldn't hear of it, because, ma'am, it wouldn't be a cottage, we said, if it wasn't thatched."

"Indeed," said Mary Marjoram, "I had the same foolish notion myself."

Lord St. Michael's left as soon as the business was over, and so did unfortunate Mr. Upjohn, after doffing his uniform, and taking an affectionate leave of the Rowleys. There were soon none left but the men, who were carousing under canvas, to show the alacrity with which they obeyed orders.

Mr. Upjohn was well inured to painful domestic scenes, or he would have lingered longer at Foxden, to shun the inevitable effects

on his wife of the fresh laurels with which her impotent malice had crowned her rival. But he was fortunate enough this time not to witness his wife's violence. He stopped for a day at Exeter, and thus gave time for the provincial journals, with their inflated accounts of the doings at Oakham, to reach Mrs. Upjohn before him.

Often, however, as we have seen her transported by passion beyond the bounds of decency, her rage never evaporated so suddenly as upon this occasion, for it changed to terror before she dropped the newspaper in her hands, on seeing the rewards offered in the very same number for the discovery of the incendiaries, or their accomplices and instigators. When her husband arrived at Bath, she had already decamped for London, leaving behind her a letter in which she informed him that she was so extremely uneasy about the state her dear Carry was in, that she had made up her mind to leave England with the least possible delay, and winter at Nice. Of this resolution, sudden as he thought it, Mr. Upjohn highly approved, but he had so little notion of his wife's extreme impatience to act on it, that he remained for a few days longer in the country. When he went up to town he found again only a letter on the subject of remittances!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ALEXANDRINE TINNÉ, THE FEMALE AFRICAN EXPLORER.

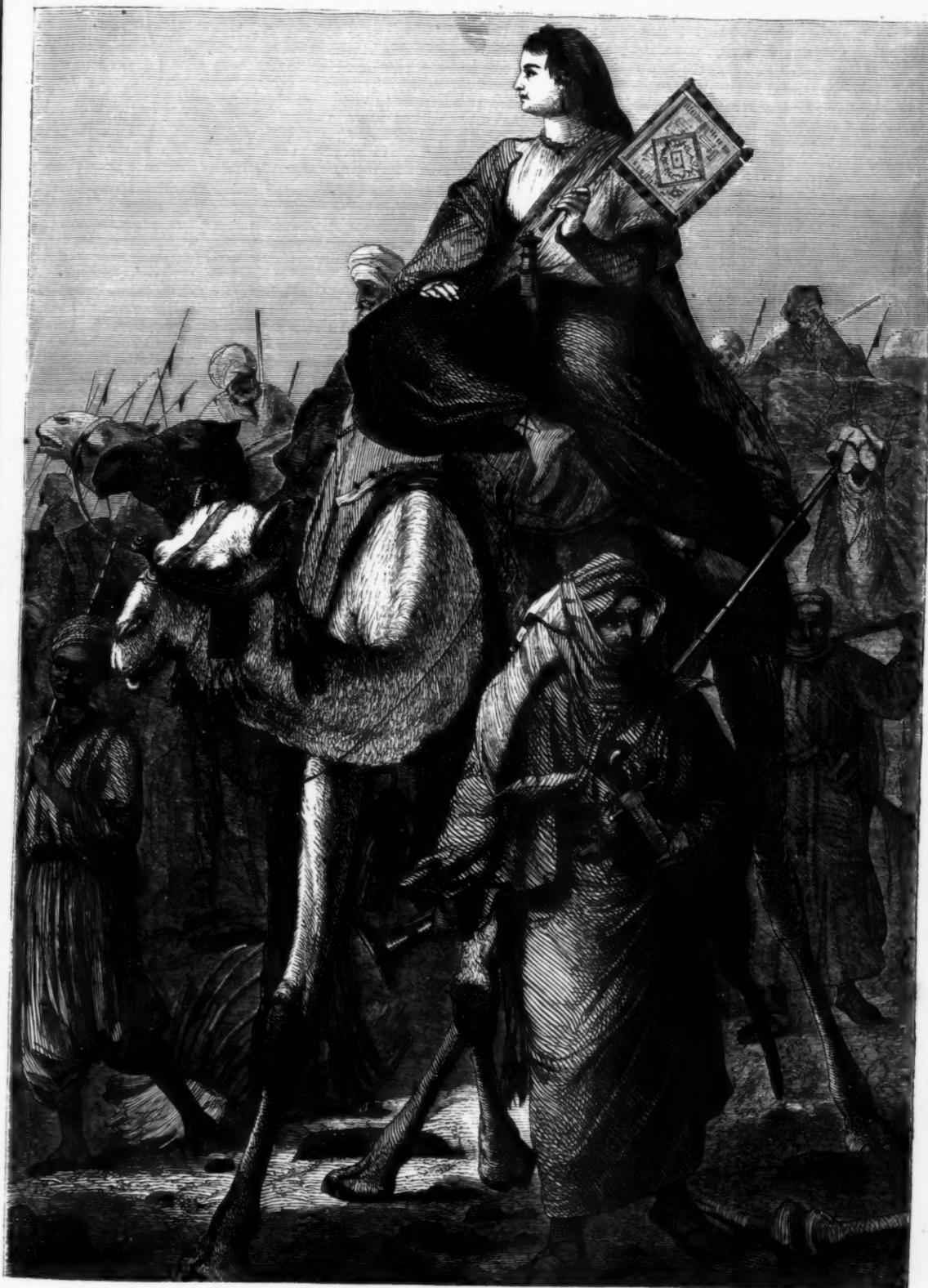
"A BEAUTIFUL, dazzlingly-white daughter of the Sultan of Sultans, his Majesty of Stamboul, travelled lately for years through the inhospitable, remote countries of her father's wide empire in Africa, distributing with full hands, and thereby everywhere winning hearts." Such was the opinion entertained by the wild natives of the interior of Africa regarding the remarkable lady whose tragic death, some months ago, has added one more to the long list of those who have fallen victims to their zeal to penetrate to the heart of that dark continent, and, above all, to unravel the mysterious sources of the Niger and the Nile.

Wilhelm Gentz, the artist, as a friend and admirer of Mdlle. Tinné, has recently given the readers of the *Gartenlaube* a sketch of the accomplished traveller, to which he has since added the accompanying spirited picture of her as she appeared on the journey. And Th. von Heuglin, who accompanied the lady in her expedition to the Gazele River, gives us, in his "Travels in the Region of the White Nile," which has just been published in Germany, additional and detailed information respecting the fair traveller and this her most important undertaking. From these sources we have compiled the following brief narrative:

Mdlle. Tinné was a native of Holland. Her mother was one of the court-ladies of the queen of that country, and belonged to a well-known Dutch baronial family. Her father was a wealthy English merchant, who died when his daughter was in her fifth year. From her earliest years, she seems to have had quite a passion for travel; and the death of her father, leaving her the heiress of immense wealth, gave her early opportunities of gratifying this desire. Being a favorite of the Queen of Holland, she was furnished by her Majesty with introductions to several European courts. But it was in Nature, and mainly in its wild and sublime aspects, that she found her chief delight. Her personal beauty and the fame of her riches procured for her many suitors. But they sought her heart and hand in vain. Two lovesick barons are said to have followed her, at a later period, even to Khartoom, in the interior of Africa—but all to no purpose. Manifesting such pronounced peculiarities, it was natural that the most wonderful reports should circulate respecting her aversion to marriage. It was even conjectured that she was in love with a prince, and that this hopeless attachment subsequently drove her into the desert; but, of all opinions, this appears to Herr Gentz singularly improbable.

Her first journey of considerable length was to the North Cape. In her eighteenth year she made a tour through Asia Minor, Syria, and Egypt. In this tour she was accompanied by her mother and her mother's sister, a Dutch baroness, both of whom left Holland, and settled on a country-seat at Cairo. From that time, her love for desert-life, and her interest in African discovery, remained unbroken. In her attachment to the East, she adopted the Egyptian dress; her servants were almost exclusively negroes, and she engaged a eunuch for protector or attendant, as is the custom with Turkish ladies of distinction.

In November, 1862, the three ladies arrived in Khartoom from a lengthened tour on the Abiad and Djebel tributaries of the Nile. Their



ALEXANDRINE TINNE ON HER TRAVELS.

intention was, to visit the Gazelle River, the great western arm of the White Nile, and explore its sources. Here they had the good fortune to meet two German travellers, Th. von Heuglin and Dr. Steudner, and, after some consultation, these two gentlemen consented to accompany them. No expense was spared to render the expedition successful. A steamboat was engaged, together with transport-vessels for the people, beasts of burden, and provisions; guides, servants, and a great number of soldiers, were hired.

The expedition, which, from its departure from to its arrival at Khartoom, occupied about fourteen months, was fruitful in results of scientific interest. Besides determining astronomically the position of the Meschra-el-Reg, the lake-source of the Gazelle River, exploring the water-shed between the western Upper Nile and rivers flowing westward to the Benne or Shary, and receiving information of a large inland sea, the travellers brought back full accounts of the botany, zoology, and human inhabitants of that little-known region.

But, in other respects, this expedition was most disastrous. "Scarcely fourteen months had passed," says Heuglin, speaking of the return to Khartoom, "since the flotilla set sail from here, with many-colored pendants, and amid song, beating of drums, and firing of muskets, laughing at all dangers, and not foreseeing that the expedition must already carry in itself the germ of its destruction. The pendants have been torn to shreds by the storm; the black mourning-flag floats from the stern of the ships; not with music and song, but mute, bowed down, and broken, the diminished little party re-enter Khartoom." Mdlle. Tinné's mother, Dr. Steudner, her two European maids, her interpreter, her German gardener, and many of her native servants, had fallen victims to the fatal African climate. Her aunt, who had not accompanied the expedition, died soon after it came back to Khartoom. Weary and dispirited, she returned to Cairo—not with the intention of returning to European society and the comforts of a settled home, but abjuring all European connections, manners, and recollections. In conversation with Herr Gentz, who at this time became acquainted with her, she repeatedly asserted that she would never return to Europe—a determination which her step-brother, who, on hearing of her arrival in Egypt, came from England to induce her to come home, was unable to shake. Her intention was to build a castle in the neighborhood of Cairo or on the island Rhoda. It was to be of a style peculiar to herself—and to her architectural taste nothing was fantastic or labyrinthine enough. But her projects were not favorably entertained by the Viceroy of Egypt, and she was obliged ultimately to abandon her purpose of settling in the Nile district.

Among the donkey-boys of Cairo, she was known as "the Dutch countess." But, certainly, in her mode of life there was little to remind one of Western Europe. Her dwelling was one of those dilapidated structures in the old town of Cairo, with dark passages leading into an open court, adorned with a few palms. "Here, on the stone steps," says Herr Gentz, speaking of a visit to Mdlle. Tinné, "monkeys sunned themselves; small negro-slaves, boys and girls, lay in the warm sunshine upon the earth, big Sudanese women, with glistening eyes and teeth, thrust their woolly heads inquisitively through broken window-panes." Long-haired Nubian dogs sprang toward the visitor. An old, gray-bearded Berber porter was in attendance to conduct him to the mistress of this heterogeneous establishment. Following the porter, he "passed a large, open room, in which were the unarranged ethnographical collections, which had been brought hither from the interior of Africa on fifty camels. Rare weapons, stuffed birds, horns of all kinds of antelopes and rhinoceroses, implements of the people of the Sudan, lay there piled on one another." Mdlle. Tinné's saloon had once been a harem; it had a marble floor, and, with the exception of a modest European table, it was furnished entirely in Eastern style. In the middle were several low, three-legged, fantastically-carved stools, from the land of the man-eating Niam-Niam. Herr Gentz embraced the rare opportunity here afforded him of drawing likenesses of some of the specimens of interior and little-known African races, many of whom had voluntarily followed Mdlle. Tinné, in order to escape the doom of slavery to which they were exposed at home. While he was thus engaged, the fair traveller, who was very communicative, related her experiences—how the great marshes and endless green tracts in the region of the Nile-sources awoke lively memories of her youthful home in Holland, and how she was often tired of seeing vegetation, and thought with longing of the yellow, parched desert of Sahara.

Like the majority of her sex, Mdlle. Tinné had great sympathy for suffering. Having taken compassion on a couple of ill-used sick don-

keys, and nursed them till they recovered, and this becoming known, "the Dutch countess" was likely to have her house converted into a hospital for animals. When on the journey, she is said to have many a time placed a severely-wounded slave upon her camel, while she herself waded on foot for hours in the deepest marshes. She was an indulgent mistress. She allowed her male-servants to follow their established custom in having a plurality of wives: may, more, she herself selected four young, handsome, white Algerian maidens for her intendant's harem. No wonder that she soon saw a colony of women and children rising up around her, making her later journeys appear like small migrations!

Unable to obtain the desired residence at Cairo, she embarked on board her own steamer for the purpose of navigating the African shores of the Mediterranean. She came to Civita Vecchia, and while there often visited Rome, accompanied by her black retinue. Intending to travel from Tripoli to Timbuctoo, she invited Gerhard Rohlf, just returned from his bold journey through the Sahara from Morocco to Tripoli, to accompany her. Unfortunately, however, he had been commissioned by the King of Prussia to accompany the English expedition to Abyssinia, and was obliged to decline Mdlle. Tinné's invitation. Her application for protection to the consul at Tunis was also unfortunate. Here, in the "Paris of Barbary," her Arab dress was likely to prevent her being admitted to the consular presence. After a second application, she at length found access, and was thus addressed: "Miss, when the Dutch Government recommended you to me, I thought I could expect a decent lady, and now, what must I see? *A Bedouine!*" Only on condition that she appeared in European dress would the consul render the required assistance; and, rather than comply with this, Mdlle. Tinné immediately left the town.

The story of Mdlle. Tinné's death is thus related by Herr Gentz:

"Mdlle. Tinné was on the way from Moortzook to Ghat, when one morning the camel-drivers, while loading, began to quarrel, whereupon Mdlle. Tinné's two Dutch servants went (unfortunately unarmed) out of the tent to separate them. At this moment Mdlle. Tinné stood in the door of her tent with the chief of the Tuareks, in whom she had already, remarkably, placed confidence enough to invite them to visit her camp. She then stepped forward to ascertain the cause of quarrel, but in the same instant was struck down from behind with a sword. Attracted by her cries, the two Christian servants came running toward her, in order to seize their weapons, but were killed on the spot. The Tuareks now rushed upon the iron water-chests, believing that these contained immense treasures; and this delusion was probably the motive for the murder. Mdlle. Tinné's tragical death is a sad loss to the scientific exploration of Africa. The greater expedition, which she thought of undertaking to the Sultan of Bornou, in autumn (till which time she intended to live in tents in the neighborhood of Ghat, with a view to strengthen her enfeebled health), would doubtless have brought us results of much interest, of which we are now forever robbed through the avarice and cruelty of her assassins. With the beautiful Alexandrine is buried one of the boldest of African explorers."

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

OF the life of Algernon Charles Swinburne, little is known to the public, beyond the date of his birth, and of the publication of his different poems. Born at Holmwood, near Henley-on-the-Thames, in 1843, he was educated in France, and later at Eton and Oxford. He left college without taking a degree, and went to Italy, where he spent some time with Walter Savage Landor. Of this visit, which was paid in the last year of this great writer's life (1864), there is a brief account in Foster's "Walter Savage Landor, a Biography": "One more incident," says Mr. Foster, "remains to be mentioned, which, in writing to me some time later, Mr. Kirkup referred to. 'Young Algernon Swinburne, whose mother I knew thirty years ago, came out from England for no other purpose than to see Landor, without knowing him, a few weeks before his death. He afterward dedicated to him, in Greek, his beautiful tragedy of 'Atalanta in Calydon.' Landor was much gratified by his enthusiasm, and brought him to see me.' The visit happily was made not quite so late, or it could hardly have yielded the gratification it gave. The young poet's announcement of his arrival in Florence, was among the letters sent me by Landor in May. He had, indeed, he wrote to him, travelled as far as Italy with the sole object and desire of seeing him. He carried with him a letter

from an old friend; from many others of his countrymen, who might never hope to see him, he was the bearer of infinite homage and thankfulness; and for himself he had the eager wish to lay at his feet, what he could never hope to put into adequate words, profound gratitude and life-long reverence. It was but natural that all this should give pleasure to the old man, in the sense of fame it brought so closely home to him; and with it may also have come some foretaste of a higher pleasure and happier fame awaiting him in the future." Besides the Greek Dedication to "Atalanta in Calydon" mentioned by Mr. Kirkup, there is a second one in English, addressed to the memory of Landor, who is justly called "the highest of contemporary names." A third memento of Swinburne's visit appears in "Poems and Ballads," in the shape of a touching little poem:

"By this white wandering waste of sea,
Far north, I hear;
One face shall never turn to me,
As once this year.
Shall never smile, and turn, and rest,
On mine as there;
Nor one most sacred hand be prest
Upon my hair.
I came as one whose thoughts half linger,
Half run before;
The youngest to the oldest singer,
That England bore.
I found him whom I shall not find
Till all grief end;
In holiest age our mightiest mind,
Father and friend."

Swinburne's first volume, "The Queen Mother and Rosamond," appeared in 1861, his eighteenth year, before he had left college. "Atalanta in Calydon" was published in 1864, "Chastelard" in 1865, and "Poems and Ballads" in 1866. Four volumes in five years—the young poet was prolific at least. The want of success by which "The Queen Mother and Rosamond" was followed, was not so much a sign of want of taste on the part of readers and critics, as a sign that altogether too much poetry is now written and published, and that only a great and original poet can hope for immediate recognition. Time was when such a volume would have laid the corner-stone of an enduring reputation. It is otherwise now, owing to the deluge of verse which is every day pouring upon us—the maiden or mature efforts of young or old people, who have much of the capital necessary to set up as poets (in some cases genius even), except the unique quality of *originality*. Among the blind the one-eyed is king; but as we are not blind in the domain of poetry, a new poet must have the usual complement of two good eyes—one to behold the glories of the universe without, and one to detect the mysteries of the greater universe within. Such vision was Swinburne's, but when he wrote "The Queen Mother and Rosamond" his eyes cannot be said to have been fairly opened. As no first volume of a poet was ever free from the influence of other poets, it was natural that such influence should be felt in Swinburne's first volume. We accordingly find it in "Rosamond," which we take to be the earlier of the two plays, and which was written, in parts at least, under the influence of Browning, the Browning of "Paracelsus," not the Browning of "Pippa Passes" and "The Blot on the Scutcheon." What merit "Rosamond" has is rather of a narrative than a dramatic order. The blank verse resembles Browning's, whose tricks of rhythm are cleverly caught. The characters are sketched, as if the poet had not fully succeeded in making them real to his imagination, but they are individualized, as far as they go, and poetically natural, the best, perhaps, being that of the jealous Queen Eleanor.

In "The Queen Mother," the poet's touch has grown firmer, as might well be the case, since he had escaped from the grasp of Browning, and taken himself to the larger embraces of the Elizabethan dramatists, the lighter movements of whose style are fairly reproduced. A few short passages recall a little of the manner of Shakespeare. Here is one:

"Art Thou so slow of purpose, Thou great God,
The keenest of Thy sighted ministers
Can catch no knowledge what we do? for else
Surely the wind would be as a hard fire,
And the sea's yellow and distempered foam
Displease the happy heaven: wash corn with sand
To waste and mixture; mar the trees of growth;
Choke birds with salt, breach walls with tided brine,
And chase with heavy water the horned brood
Past use of limit: towers and populous streets

Should in the middle green smother and drown,
And Havoc die with fulness!"

Though "The Queen Mother" and "Rosamond" were not successful from a dramatic point of view, either as regards the actions attempted to be evolved, or the characters presented, they were nevertheless full of promise, both as poems and as dramas. It was clear from them (we can see now) that a new poet had appeared, and that he had, with all his shortcomings, the instinct of the dramatic hidden away within him.

The next work that Swinburne gave the world was "Atalanta in Calydon." If there is any thing in internal evidence, however, not "Atalanta in Calydon," but "Chastelard," was in reality his next work. The historical studies which he made for "The Queen Mother" could hardly have failed to direct his attention to Mary Stuart, the most famous of the female contemporaries of Catherine de' Medici, and one who might almost be considered as upon the stage on which the bloody tragedy of St. Bartholomew was enacted, she had left it so short a time before. "Adieu, charmant pays de France," was always the song of her heart, although the words were not written until she had been a century or two in her grave. The story of Mary Queen of Scots has been told many times, but what with the laudations of her friends and the detractions of her enemies, we are as far from understanding it as ever. The difficulty does not lie in the events of her brief reign, which are intelligible enough, but in interpreting the character which rendered these events possible, and in some cases necessary. Did it create them, or was it created by them? What was Mary Stuart? This is the riddle which Swinburne set himself to solve, after so many grave historians had failed, and he succeeded in solving it, as poets are apt to, being, as they are, the truest of all historians. Shakespeare interprets and harmonizes for us the character of Cleopatra, and Swinburne interprets and harmonizes for us the character of Mary Stuart—both queens of the same royal blood, ripened from the same wild seeds, and inspiring the same passion, and madness, and death. We know of nothing more excellent than Swinburne's portrait of Mary Stuart; but if we are asked in what its excellence consists, we frankly say we cannot tell. Her maids, the four Maries, discuss her in the opening scene, but fail to arrive at the secret of her fascination, one declaring that it is her cunning speech—

"The soft and rapid shudder of her breath
In talking—the rare tender little laugh—
The pitiful sweet sound like a bird's sigh
When her voice breaks; her talking does it all."

No, says Mary Seaton—

"It is the playing of those eyelashes,
The lure of amorous looks as sad as love,
Plucks all souls toward her like a net."

Nor can Chastelard tell why, or how, he is bewitched by her:

"She hath fair eyes: maybe
I love her for sweet eyes, or brow, or hair,
For the smooth temples, where God touching her
Made blue with sweater veins the flower-sweet white,
Or for the tender turning of her wrist,
Or marriage of the eyelids with the cheek;
I cannot tell; or flush of lifting throat,
I know not if the color gets a name
This side of heaven—no man knows; or her mouth,
A flower's lip with a snake's lip, stinging sweet,
And sweet to sting with: face that one would see
And then fall blind and die with sight of it
Held fast between the eyelids—oh, all these
And all the body and soul of her to that,
The speech and shape and hand and foot and heart
That I would die of—yea, her name that turns
My face to fire being written—I know no whit
How much I love them."

It is not easy to recall one scene as being better than another, there is such a glamour of love and poetry over the whole play, but the scene which lingers longest in our memory is the one in which Mary visits Chastelard in prison to reclaim the reprieves she had sent him:

CHASTELARD.

"I cannot yield you such a thing again:
Not as I had it."

QUEEN.

"A coward? what shift now?
Do such men make such cravens?"

CHASTELARD.

"Chide me not:
Pity me that I cannot help my heart."

QUEEN.

Heaven mend mine eyes that took you for a man !
What, is it sown into your flesh ? Take heed—
Nay, but for shame—what have you done with it ?

CHASTELARD.

Why, there it lies, torn up.

QUEEN.

God help me, sir !
Have you done this ?

CHASTELARD.

Yes, sweet ; what should I do ?
Do I not know you to the bone, my sweet ?
God speed you well ! you have a goodly lord."

The *dramatis personae* in "Chastelard" are sketched rather than painted, with the exception of the Queen, and in a less degree Mary Beaton, whose love for Chastelard leads to the most pathetic passages in the tragedy. It may be objected to "Chastelard" that its atmosphere is stifling in its sweetness; but, if we consider well what the poet had to do—what characters to revive, and what actions to represent, we shall see that it could not—that it should not—have been otherwise. We do not expect to find the healthy, breezy, out-door atmosphere of Shakespeare's comedies in "Romeo and Juliet," and we should not expect to find such an atmosphere in "Chastelard." To the technical objection which has been made to the poem—that it abounds in repetitions of the same effects, now in sentiment, and now in imagery; in other words, to the narrow range of illustration in which the poet appears to be confined—we have nothing to offer, since the objection is a just one, and really weakens what would else

have been a strong and noble poem. For what it is—the work of a boy of twenty or thereabouts—we can recall nothing so fine as "Chastelard" in English poetry.

Of "Atalanta in Calydon" it is difficult to speak with the coolness necessary to criticism. To say that it is a grand poem, is to say something, and to say that it comes nearer to the Greek tragedies than any similar poem in English is to say much, when we remember what Landor has done in this direction. What most characterizes Landor's Greek poems is strength in repose. What most characterizes "Atalanta in Calydon" is strength in unrest. Where Landor is calm, Swinburne is stormy. Over the creation of the elder poet stretches an illimitable day, peopled with the immortal gods; pressing down upon the dis-creation of the younger poet is the impenetrable night, haunted by the supreme shadow—Fate. The excellences of "Ata-

lanta" being too many to be dwelt upon in detail, we shall merely mention a few of the most prominent ones. What first strikes us in it is a sense of the poet's strength—the strength of his thought, and the strength of his diction. We begin with a form of blank verse which is strange to us, and which did not before exist in English, and we come to lyrical forms which are strange to us, and which did not before exist in English. If the Thought which is behind these is not equally strange to us, it must be because we are tolerably familiar with Greek; for certainly it does not exist in English. Something like it may perhaps be found in Shelley's "Prometheus Unbound," but it is so much weaker there than in "Atalanta," and is so interpenetrated by Shelley's own intellectuality, as to produce a very different effect upon our minds. Some of the choruses in "Prometheus Unbound" may be bold, but they are timid beside the choruses in "Atalanta," which are shrouded in a gloom that was alien to the summer nature of Shelley, whose own words apply to Swinburne much better than to himself:

"Then black Despair,
The shadow of a starless night,
was thrown
Over the world in which
I walked alone."

An example of what we mean may be found in the second chorus in "Atalanta," "Before the beginning of Years;" in portions of the third chorus, "We have seen thee, O Love, thou art fair;" and in the fourth chorus, particularly the strophes commencing, "For now we know not of them," and "Yea with Thine hate, O God!" Here and there we have a feeling of Shelley in his wilder lyrical moods, but it is always of his forms, never of his spirit. The last chorus, for instance, suggests the measure of "The Skylark," of which it is, however, in no sense an imitation. But, besides their music, which is

generally noble, these choruses of Swinburne have a charm which we fail to find in similar choruses, as, say, Matthew Arnold's in "Merope." In these, if we remember rightly, Arnold attempts to reproduce the old Greek forms in unrhymed verse of his own make; Swinburne never attempts this, but contents himself with rhymed forms already made, and which, to our thinking, come much nearer the spirit of the Greek choruses than the more scholastic efforts of Arnold. What next strikes us in "Atalanta in Calydon" (after its sense of strength generally) is Swinburne's wonderful mastery of his native language—his mastery of its simplest and its subtlest resources, of its Saxon and of its Latin elements—and his still more wonderful mastery of his rhythms. Never before did any English poet—Shakespeare, perhaps, excepted—so suit his measure to his matter, and never before did any English poet—Shakespeare not excepted—so command all the mys-



ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

terious harmonies in discords. He has discovered the lost art of—

“Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony.”

The publication of “Poems and Ballads” led to a series of attacks upon Swinburne, of which the violence was in inverse ratio to the logic. These attacks claimed to be written in the interest of morals, which were asserted to be endangered by Swinburne, but the knowledge of evil shown therein spoke but poorly for the morals of their writers, who fulfilled the definition of nice men with nasty ideas. “Poems and Ballads” were the first blossoms and fruit of Swinburne’s genius, their flowering and ripening extending over a period of seven years, say from his seventeenth to his twenty-fourth year. In the dedication to the volume, which bears the date of 1865, he describes them as—

“The songs of dead seasons, that wandered
On wings of articulate words;
Lost leaves, that the shore-winds have squandered,
Light flocks of untamable birds;
Some sang to me dreaming in class-time,
And truant in hand as in tongue;
For the youngest were born of boy’s pastime,
The eldest are young.”

That the eldest were young would have been evident enough, even had Swinburne preserved silence concerning them. Of the sweetness which breathed through “Chastelard,” there was scarcely a promise, much less of the strength of “Atalanta in Calydon,” but in their stead was a feeling of immature power and of cloying lusciousness, which is the surest evidence of youth. The eager uncertainty of the poet betrayed his belief in himself, and his doubt of the instrument upon which he was playing; his ignorance and his knowledge were wonderful. He had not yet learned that something must always be withheld in art; that the highest art is distinguished by reserve; that (as Hesiod puts it) the half is more than the whole. He had not yet learned that there are subjects which are so exceedingly difficult to be handled in poetry, that it is wise, on the poet’s part, if not to let them alone entirely, to let them alone until he can be certain that both himself and his art are mature enough to grasp and subdue them. But no young poet can be certain of either, for it is the glory as it is the necessity of a young poet to dare and do in uncertainty. In nearly all these “Poems and Ballads” there is an obtrusive sense of excess—excess of emotion, excess of language, excess of effect. And, what the critics laid hold of, first, last, and all the time, was excess of passion. There was more passion in “Poems and Ballads” than the world had consented to allow in poetry—that the world has consented to allow in poetry—more, perhaps, than the world will ever consent to allow in poetry. Allow, willingly, that is; for it belongs to the genius of great poets to compel the world to let them have their own way. It belonged to Byron’s genius, and the world has accepted him; it belonged to Shelley’s genius, and the world has accepted him; if it belongs to Swinburne’s genius, the world will accept him, in spite of its objections to “Poems and Ballads.” It is evident, we said, that they are youthful poems, and it is evident, we say, that they are dramatic poems—at least, in intention. He may have failed to make his intention clear; but to deny his intention on account of his failure—to father upon him the mythological, or traditional, or imaginary personages he has called up—to insist upon making their utterances his utterances—their morals, or want of morals, his own, is as absurd and unjust as it would be to find Byron in *Manfred* and *Cain*, which Mrs. Stowe does, or Milton in *Satan*, which nobody does, or Shakespeare in *Iago* or *Timon*, which nobody ever dreamed of doing. That Shakespeare and Milton and Byron are better artists than Swinburne, may be true; but they are entitled to no privilege and no immunities to which he is not entitled—to which the poorest dramatic artist that ever lived is not entitled, and which shall not be allowed him by every large-minded critic. The question of morals did not enter into the art of the Greek tragedians, nor the art of Shakespeare, and it ought not to enter into our art, nor, indeed, into art at all. Had Swinburne been a better artist; had he been more reserved, and less outspoken; had he withheld, instead of bestowing too freely; in a word, had he restrained himself, as a greater artist would have done, no just censure could have been passed upon his “Poems and Ballads.”

But if his art is faulty in its excesses, it is also faulty in its shortcomings, of which want of clearness is one, and want of knowledge of the ignorance of his readers is another. A scholar himself, he takes

it for granted that they are scholars too. This he should not do, for this they are not. Few who read “Poems and Ballads” are familiar with the old-monkish legend upon which he has based his “Laus Veneris;” few know enough about Sappho to detect the intention of “Anactona;” and, as for “Faustine,” who is she? and who is “Dolores,” pray?

“O mystic, sombre Dolores,
Our Lady of Pain!”

To expect that the average reader of poetry will understand these, is to expect too much; for he does not, and cannot understand them, unless they are explained to him. To say that any thing needs explanation in art, is to say, of course, that it comes short of art; for art does not need explanation, being at all times intelligible and harmonious, and, like beauty, “its own excuse for being.” “Poems and Ballads,” unequal as they are, contain as good work as Swinburne has yet produced, the best of them being “Phaedra” and “At Eleusis,” which read like studies after the Greek poems of Landor; the “Hymn to Proserpine;” “A Lamentation,” which we take to be a rejected chorus of “Atalanta;” and “Aholibah,” which is thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the Hebrew prophets, in whom Swinburne appears to be as deeply read as in the Greek tragedians. Still finer, as the reproduction of an extinct literary form, is the miracle-play—“The Masque of Queen Bersabe.” Altogether, “Poems and Ballads,” while not equal either to “Atalanta” or “Chastelard,” are full of extraordinary things, which no other living poet could have written.

Besides the works we have named, Swinburne has also written, in prose, a Life of William Blake; has edited and written introductions to three or four volumes of selections from the English poets, we believe Shelley, Byron, and Coleridge, and several papers in the *Fortnightly Review* upon the late productions of contemporary writers, as Matthew Arnold’s “New Poems,” William Morris’s “Earthly Paradise,” and Victor Hugo’s “L’Homme qui Rit,” besides a number of poems of which the best, entitled “Ave atque Vale,” is a monody upon the French poet Baudelaire, whose memory, foreigner though he be, is henceforth embalmed among the most beloved dead of the English poets—along with the memory of Clough, Keats, and Milton’s young friend King. To have added a fourth great funeral-dirge to English poetry is no mean honor, even to Algernon Charles Swinburne.

THE FRENCH AND ENGLISH POST-OFFICES.

I.

FRENCH POST-OFFICES.

THE first attempt to introduce a regular postal system in France was made in the latter half of the reign of Louis XIV., under the minister Louvois. Boxes were then set up in several parts of Paris to receive private correspondence; but so meagre were the arrangements, so little important was the matter considered, that the boxes were often forgotten for several months, and, when the officials were at last reminded of them, the boxes only contained mice, which had colonized there, and had eaten to strips the letters which had been confided to official care. Later, in 1692, another attempt was made, and six public boxes were distributed through the town. These were emptied regularly, indeed, but at long intervals, and soon fell into disuse. So matters stood until about a century ago. In 1758, under Louis XV., private enterprise began to awake to the need of some postal arrangement, and supplied the deficiency of the public administration. One M. de Chamouset, a wealthy and public-spirited Parisian, asked and obtained the royal permission to establish, at his own cost, a modest post for the metropolis. This was accorded to him, and a concession, for thirty years, of the revenues he might receive, was added. This was, however, not a monopoly; for the king made a decision that private persons might still have their letters and packages carried about the city and in the faubourgs by whomsoever they might choose. The charge per letter, in M. de Chamouset’s system, was two sols for a single letter under an ounce, three sols per ounce for packages; the postage must be paid in advance, and to the letters a stamp was affixed. There were nine bureaux for receiving and expediting these letters distributed through Paris. In the first year, M. de Chamouset received as his profits no less than fifty thousand francs net; and the next, the Government, perceiving the gains thus derived from the enterprise, took it from him, compensating him

by an annual pension of twenty thousand francs for the rest of his life.

The French post-office is under the general control of the minister of finance. I propose to give a brief account of the system as it at present exists, that the French may be compared with the English and the American systems. The French system, as exemplified in Paris, is established on a method of centralization. The mail-matter, which is collected at the railway-stations, bureaux, and boxes, is brought to the General Post-Office in the Rue Jean Jacques Rousseau, is there sorted, and is from there distributed to the various quarters. For the receiving of the mail-matter, there are, scattered through Paris, thirty-nine lesser, or district, post-offices, where stamps may be bought, money-orders procured or cashed, and letters weighed and posted. These are open from eight in the morning till eight at night, and on Sundays and *fête* days till five p. m. Five hundred boxes are, in addition, distributed in the districts (*arrondissements*) of these smaller post-offices, very many of these being placed at the tobacconists', who also sell postage-stamps. The postmen collect at these boxes seven times a day; some of them are emptied, too, at special extra hours, indicated by the printed tables to be found fixed under them. A new law, designed to give new facilities for sending letters at the latest moment, for an extra charge, has gone into operation. The latest regular hour for posting letters at Paris is six p. m.; but, by affixing an additional four-sous stamp, the letter posted between six and a quarter past will be collected and expedited; by adding an eight-sous stamp, it will be in time up to half-past six; and, by adding a twelve-sous stamp, up to seven p. m. There are, however, only certain specified bureaux or boxes where letters can be posted for these extra collections. There are in Paris four bureaux whose use is exclusively devoted to late letters extra-stamped—in the Place de la Bourse, Rue St. Honoré, Rue de Clery, and one of the offices at the Hôtel des Postes. That this is a great benefit, may be seen from the fact that more than two hundred thousand letters pass through the Paris post-office a year with extra stamps. The letters and papers are all, in the first instance, collected at the smaller or district post-offices, from the district of which they are the centres. They are placed on a large table, and sorted. The sorting is into three classifications: mail-matter bearing the ten-centimes stamp (two cents), and which is sent from one part of Paris to another; that bearing the twenty-centimes stamp (four cents), and destined for the French provinces; and that which is for foreign countries. All letters which are not prepaid are marked with the amount due on them—plus fifteen centimes per fifteen grammes or less, if for Paris, and plus thirty centimes per ten grammes or under, if the letter is for the provinces, Corsica, or Algeria.

The prepaid letters pass into the hands of the stamper, who obliterates the stamps with the seal. A second seal is put on, bearing the word "Paris," the name of the street where the district office is situated, the number of the collection, and the date of the month and year. Thus there is a very complete record or history of the letter, which has often been of great use to the police; for, by marking the number of the collection and the quarter where it was posted, the hour of its being posted and the place whence it came may be approximately decided. Thus stamped, the letters are distributed according to their destination, put into gray envelopes and sealed up, and locked in leathern bags. A post-wagon takes them to the General Post-Office in the Rue Jean Jacques Rousseau. There are seven of these post-wagons, which make seven journeys a day each, corresponding to the number of regular collections. They all arrive in the courtyard of the General Post-Office at about the same time, when there is a busy and lively scene. A number of employés are in readiness, who take the bags from the wagons, and carry them on their backs to the office of departure, section of letters, section of printed matter, or section of distribution, as the case may be. The dispatches which thus reach the central office must be manipulated at once, very skilfully and very rapidly; for it is necessary to forward to the provinces or abroad the correspondence collected in all the boxes on the same day that they are collected. The latest post express-trains all leave Paris between a quarter before eight and half-past eight in the evening. During the day, the post-wagons carrying the mails for the trains make no less than sixty-three journeys to the stations—some with one horse, some with two. The frequency of these journeys is explained by the frequency of the departure of trains, which have attached to them either a post-carriage or a compartment specially for the post-courier, who takes charge of the mails, and delivers them, as he pro-

gresses, at the country-stations, sorts letters which he receives *en route*, and makes them up into special bags for delivery farther on.

In the General Post-Office there is a large, spacious hall, where the mails destined for Paris are collected, and where the postmen—so familiar to every one who has visited Paris—with their quick step and bustling hurry, gather to receive their quota for distribution. They assemble here seven times each day. Paris is divided into eleven districts of distribution; there are five hundred and ten postmen, of whom eighty-five are devoted especially to the distribution of printed mail-matter, which is delivered three times a day, and once on Sunday. If to these are added the collectors and various subordinate employés of the district post-offices, the total of Paris post-office employés is about eight hundred and fifty men. The salaries of these vary from fifteen hundred to nine hundred francs; the head postmen receive three hundred francs more. All are allowed a yearly indemnity of forty francs for losses in changing money, and thirty-six francs for wear of shoe-leather. Their uniform is furnished by the Government, and comprises blue pantaloons, a green coat, and a black leathern bag for holding the mail-matter; the number of their district is signified on the collars of their coats. The selection of the postmen is in a great measure made from the discharged soldiers; for they have the habit of discipline, exactitude, and promptness. They are forbidden by the Post-Office rules to stop until their supply of mail is exhausted. They arrive at the General Post-Office at five in the morning; and at half-past seven you may see them emerging, in alert and brisk groups, from the arch in the Rue Jean Jacques Rousseau, and then scattering in all directions.

Letters began to be distributed in Paris in 1837, the example having already been set by London. At first, the distribution commenced at nine a. m., and did not finish till two p. m. Both Lyons and Lille were in advance of the capital in this respect, for in those cities there were postal deliveries in the early years of the first empire. Those postmen who have to deliver letters in districts remote from the central office are provided with omnibuses, both from and to them, which are nine in number, and start at the same hour with the postmen on foot. The first delivery is, as everywhere, the heaviest; for then both the local mails, the provincial and the foreign mails, are distributed, which have arrived during the night or in the early morning. Afterward, the deliveries take place at intervals of two hours, so that the Paris postman has some fifteen or sixteen hours of work every day. It is estimated that about four hundred thousand mail parcels, of which over one hundred thousand are letters, are on the average distributed daily in Paris, each postman thus having to distribute some eight hundred daily. The postman, when he receives his batch, is obliged to give a receipt for it, and must never demand any extra fee for his own service. It is usual in France, however, for those who receive mail-matter frequently, to make the postman a Christmas-present of money, from two to ten francs. At the end of their round, the postmen bring back such letters as, for any reason, they may not have been able to deliver.

The system under which the distributions of mail matter are made in Paris seems to give complete satisfaction to the people. Letters posted early in the morning to a city address reach their destinations by the hours of business, and an answer may be received in the course of the afternoon. Nothing can be more regular, prompt, and efficient, than the metropolitan service. Mistakes or delays are of extremely rare occurrence. During an extended residence in Paris, and having a large correspondence, I have never known a letter to fail or be delayed, although often the addresses were illegible enough. The regulations, to which the employés of the Post-Office are rigidly subjected, are stringent and perfectly effectual. Every year sees large additions made to the force necessary to carry on the postal administration; and how rapidly the work of the Post-Office administration increases may be seen from the fact that it increased fifty-four per cent. from 1860 to 1865; and the employés were increased, in the same interval, ten per cent. There is, at the central office, a special bureau for dead letters, as in our own department; and here those letters which the postmen have, for any reason, been unable to deliver, are methodically classified. Of the four hundred million letters passing yearly through the office, about two million return to this bureau, of which one hundred thousand bear incomplete addresses, five hundred thousand are addressed to persons who cannot be found, one thousand bear no address at all, and more than one million are refused by those to whom they are addressed. The letters are not, however, consigned hastily

and lightly to the dead-letter bureau. The first attempt to deliver failing, a second and often third attempt is made, by different postmen. After this, the directories having been examined in vain, the addresses of the non-delivered letters are read aloud to the postmen when they are all together in the hall. If a postman recognizes the name as that of one to whom he has carried letters, he answers by calling out the number of his beat. These efforts all failing, the letters are returned by the bureau to the sender; if his address is found on the outside, the letter is not opened; otherwise, it is opened to ascertain it. Sometimes information contained in the letter itself indicates the true address of the person for whom it is intended, and it is then sent to him. If there is no clew either to the sender or the person addressed, the letters are classified alphabetically, and, later on, are destroyed. A letter thus classified may be claimed by the person addressed, either in writing to the *directeur-général*, or by going in person to the office, where he fills a printed form supplied for the purpose. Several days after, the letter is sent to the person's domicile by the postman. The *Poste Restante*, for the delivery of letters having no address of street and number, is situated several squares from the General Office, and is open from eight A. M. to eight P. M. A person asking for letters there must prove his identity, and to this end his passport, envelopes from the same person who wrote the letter asked for, or some other reasonable proof, is required. I am thus particular in describing the Paris office, to show how very careful and methodical is the whole system, the admirable results of which are patent to every one who has had need of its facilities.

LIFE BENEATH THE WATERS.

IN spite of the better instruction given in our schools, and the practical aid derived from aquariums, little is as yet known of life in the water. An idea prevails largely that life in the water is very different from life in the open air, as it is commonly called; and yet the same laws prevail in the two elements. Fish do not breathe water, but air—like all terrestrial animals. The proof is easily accessible. When water is heated, brilliant air-bubbles begin to stud the walls of the vessel in which it is contained; they detach themselves one by one as the water becomes hotter, and rise to the surface. This is the air contained in the water, which is driven out by heat, until, when the water boils, it holds no more air. If the heated water is allowed to cool off in an open vessel, air passes once more into it, and all the more abundantly the more rapidly the water cools off; but if the vessel with heated water is closed hermetically, the latter remains free of air. In such water a fish dies as soon as a cat or dog dies by drowning. For no animal can live without air; and the amount of air which is accessible to them is of the utmost importance for their well-being. Some fish, like eels and groundlings, require very little, and hence lie low in the mud of river-beds and ponds; but others, like trout, and most sea-fish, require an abundance in order to thrive.

In the aquarium the supply of air is soon exhausted, and must be renewed, either by aération, or by changing the water. In Nature, water and air are constantly agitated by currents and winds, and hence unceasingly intermingling. Still, the upper layers of the water are naturally richer in air than the lower depths, and hence nearly all kind of fish rise more or less frequently to the surface in search of air. This is strikingly illustrated in ponds where carps are kept. When they are covered with ice, the air cannot enter; and if the usual precaution of cutting holes is neglected, the poor carps awake from their winter slumbers, threatened with asphyxia, and rise in masses to the cracks and crevices in the ice, painfully gasping for air. If no relief is afforded, they die by the hundred.

The manner also in which winds and currents aid the commingling of air and water is seen in a familiar custom. When we wish to dissolve sugar or salt in water, we do not wait for the slow process of unaided Nature but stir the liquid, because we know that this hastens the matter. It is the same with air, which is to be stirred into water. Hence a rapid mountain-brook contains more air than a slow, shallow river; and the river, again, more than a pond or a stagnant pool. The ocean is stirred up by gigantic forces: by currents, by ebb and tide, and by storms and tempests. Any one who has ever watched the

waves, as they rise on high, and dash their foaming crests against a rock-bound shore, will readily see that there air and water mingle more thoroughly than anywhere else, waterfalls only excepted.

It is true that the pond, with its dim, slimy water, and scanty supply of air, is almost as densely filled with animal life as the pure, well-aërated water on the sea-shore. But the latter is inhabited by marine animals alone; the pond has numerous citizens who breathe not only the air contained in the water, but that of the atmosphere also. The frog and the eft, for instance, are genuine air-animals. They imbibe a certain amount of air, which enables them to make a limited stay under water; but as soon as it is exhausted, they must rise to the surface, and renew the supply. If they are prevented, they die. They are drowned, like any other animal that breathes through lungs.

For breathing is by no means accomplished by the lungs only. If we place an arm into an hermetically-closed tin case, and then examine the air contained in the latter, it will be found to have been decomposed in precisely the same manner as if it had passed through the lungs. It has lost a portion of its oxygen, and in its place we find carbonic acid. For we breathe with our skin. The extent to which this is done has been proven by cruel experiments. A rabbit is taken, carefully shaven, and then covered with a varnish, which completely prevents all breathing through the pores of the skin. Gradually the poor creature loses its animal heat, the blood in the arteries grows dark, and in a few days the rabbit dies—for want of air.

Hence the injurious effects of constant or even extended use of india-rubber clothing: the parts so covered are almost hermetically closed—and cease to breathe through the skin. The same objection applies to certain kinds of bed-coverings, which, in familiar language, are said to prevent perspiration, as the new-fashioned coverlets of cotton; they simply keep the skin from breathing.

Frogs, when under water, breathe exclusively in this manner. In man the epidermis is more or less covered with a horny outside, consisting of dried-up cells, and this interferes sadly with the activity of the skin. Turkish baths, by removing the impediment, open the pores, allow free breathing, and thus invigorate the whole system. In the frogs, on the contrary, the skin is extremely delicate, and, moreover, constantly expanded and softened by water; hence it can breathe very freely, even when its lungs are condemned to inactivity. Nor must the fact be overlooked, that the smaller the animals the greater is the surface of the skin in proportion to the body, and hence the breathing through the former all the more successful and profitable.

To these so-called amphibia—animals which can live in air and water alike—belong also the larger number of insects which inhabit ponds and pools. They not only can rise in the air, as bugs and beetles do on their wings, but they are actually compelled to undertake considerable journeys whenever a pool is dried up, and they have to go in search of a new home. All these insects have no lungs, but, instead, a most ingenious system of air-vessels, branching off into minute canals, and opening outwardly to the air. By a peculiar pumping effort the air in these vessels is continually renewed. In diving-insects the apertures open just under their hard wing-covers, and, as the latter close tightly upon the body, the space between affords room for a considerable supply of air. Hence these insects can stay for a long time under water. After a while, however, they are seen to rise—to lift up a little tube with which they are generally provided—and to pump a fresh supply of air into their store-room. This provision was evidently necessary for them, as these bugs and beetles are almost uniformly cased in hard armor, which necessarily prevents their breathing through the skin.

Our own musk-rat is reported to have a still more curious contrivance for the supply of air, which it needs when the waters which it inhabits are frozen over. Unable to find an air-hole on the surface the rat in such an emergency exhales the vivified air from its lungs, which rises in the shape of a flattened bubble, till it reaches the lower face of the ice. Coming thus in contact with water, the bubble gives out its carbonic acid, which is replaced by oxygen. The rat then swims toward it, and, pressing the nose against the ice, sucks in the improved air. The hunters avail themselves of this remarkable device: they go in search of such air-bubbles, and as soon as they see one they break the ice above it, the air escapes, the musk-rat is drowned, and the skin is secured.

Still other inhabitants of ponds are amphibious in a different way. Flies, from the almost invisible black-fly to the gigantic dragon-fly, mosquitoes, and the whole host of enemies to man, are bound to the water during the earlier stages of their existence, breathing there in a variety of ways. After their transformation, they become, on the contrary, denizens of the air, never more returning to their former home, and hence they are amphibious only in so far as they live at different periods of their lives in different elements.

If we deduct, therefore, from the dwellers in ponds all amphibious animals which are independent of the air contained in water, the sea-shore appears far richer in life, and we see that, wherever water holds the largest amount of air, there animal life is most exuberant.

But the same fact leads us still further. How do aquatic animals breathe? Simply through the skin. For, although we commonly speak of gills as serving the purpose, we must not forget that gills are nothing more than very delicate, half-detached portions of the skin, abounding in blood-vessels. They only shorten the way from the water to the blood, and thus admit at certain places of the surface more air than at others, but still it remains true that even the fish breathes mainly through the skin.

We saw, moreover, that the smaller the animal is, the more effective this breathing through the skin. Hence we are not astonished to find that the lower water-animals have no breathing-apparatus at all; the air which enters with the water through the surface of the body is amply sufficient. Lungs, and gills, and air-vessels, are only aids called in by our wise mother, Nature, when either the animal is too large to be sufficiently supplied by means of the skin, or when the latter is too thickly encased to give free passage to the air. Water-animals have no such difficulties to encounter. In all cases the skin not only, but the whole structure of their body, is so thoroughly saturated with water, that the air enters freely and abundantly. Muscles, starfish, worms, and their kindred have, besides, a system of canals which passes through their whole body, and into which they can, at will, pump any quantity of water for the sake of the air it contains. If we descend to the lowest of their kind, to polyps, we find here nothing but a frail cell, surrounded by water and filled with water, so that every minute animal obtains its supply of air in a direct and painless manner. The same easy life is led by sponges and medusas, through whose delicate structure the water passes in incessant currents, supplying its air without stint and without rest.

How easy, therefore, is life beneath the waters! Here no lungs are needed, and often no gills; no heart has to labor incessantly, no blood has to travel from end to end through a thousand delicate channels. What a complicated apparatus is, on the other hand, required in order to supply animals who live in the air, with their requisite supply! It is surely a curious fact, that beneath the waters, breathing should be so much easier, and life so much more pleasant.

Even the cold blood that characterizes water-animals is a sign of their privileged existence. Heat, it is well known, is always an evidence of lost or at least of wasted power; a wheel which becomes heated works less well than a cold wheel; a horse that sweats freely is of little use; and whenever friction appears, it produces heat instead of power. Beneath the waters, life and motion are so easy that there is hardly any friction perceptible, and hence also hardly any heat. As water offers a far greater resistance to motion than air, there must be some little friction, of course, in spite of the apparently easy and painless movements of fishes. Hence there is also a small quantity of heat beneath the waters. If we allow the water in a vessel to freeze in which a fish is kept, there will remain a small supply of fluid water immediately around the animal long after the rest is frozen hard. This is the effect of the small but unmistakable heat of the luckless victim. But the same fact has been ascertained on a much larger scale. In Northern seas, vast portions of the ocean are often found filled with countless masses of diminutive crustacea: the thermometer shows in such places a considerable increase of heat over other places where no animal life is present, just as the same is noticed in beehives.

If life beneath the waters is thus made easy far beyond our conception by the simplified manner in which breathing is accomplished, and the absence of the vast and complicated machinery required by animals who live on land, their aquatic brethren enjoy still greater privileges in the facility with which they obtain the food required for their existence. They need not drink at all, and eating is made marvellously easy to them, while none of the enjoyment is lost. Of this we may say something more in another paper.

ILL EFFECTS OF BURNING ANTHRACITE COAL.

EVER since the introduction of hard coal (anthracite) into general use, as fuel for heating and culinary purposes, a very strong impression has prevailed of its unhealthy character, and this belief has excited the attention of scientific men in Paris and elsewhere, for the purpose of discovering in what manner its use is dangerous to health, and also to find out a remedy or substitute. So far, however, none has been found; at least, none that can be made generally available except to the wealthier classes. With regard to the question of insalubrity there seems to be more certainty, and as this is a subject that concerns most of us vitally, it may be profitable to look a little into its details, in order to ascertain by what means we may mitigate, if not entirely remedy, its evil consequences.

Almost every one has observed the unpleasant sensation produced by the heat of anthracite coal, burning in cast-iron stoves or furnaces, and how it causes a feeling of partial suffocation, headache, dizziness, stupor, languor, etc., to such a degree that we seek relief in the open air, or open a window to let out the gas, as it is popularly called, or, discarding it altogether, use soft coal or wood instead, at twice the cost.

That different impressions are produced by the air heated by different kinds of fuel, whether in stoves, furnaces, etc., or by pipes heated by hot water or steam, may be easily proved, not only by our sensations, but by the fact well known to gardeners, that delicate kinds of plants will not flourish in an atmosphere heated directly by hard-coal stoves or furnaces; that when anthracite fuel is employed, the air must be heated by hot-water pipes or brick flues, thus proving conclusively the deleterious nature of hard coal. This characteristic is not due—as is generally supposed—to the dryness of the air heated by this kind of fuel, or to the abstraction of its oxygen by the oxidation of iron, or to the burning of floating particles of dust, because an abundant supply of water for evaporation does not seem to remedy the unpleasant effects already mentioned, and the oxidation of iron stoves takes place mostly on the inside, and the burning of dusty particles may be considered rather beneficial than otherwise, if we can except its offensive odor. From the scientific experiments made on the subject of evaporation, it may be positively stated that iron heated to any degree possible in our furnaces has no power to abstract moisture from the air, and it may also be safely assumed that the moisture in the air is not specially affected by the various methods of heating now in use, because the air of apartments is kept continually renewed, in various ways, from the outside air as well as from the lungs and skin of man, who exhales about a quart of water daily through these channels. In the experiments above alluded to, mention is made of the fact that the extremely dry air of Minnesota is healthier than the heavily-saturated air of the sea-coast, and even in the Arctic regions the same is observed.

In the tropics, on the other hand, where atmospheric vapor is abundant, health is more precarious from the fact that sources of the most important diseases are more readily retained and propagated (although certain constitutions and diseases are benefited) by a warm, moist atmosphere.

From the combustion of anthracite coal, carbonic-acid and carbonic-oxide gases, with a small amount of sulphurous-acid gas, and watery vapor, are produced; of these the most deleterious is the carbonic oxide, which may be observed as a blue flame flickering about the coals. It is a deadly poison, without odor, whose presence, even in small quantities, is sufficient to destroy life, and it is the active agent in producing death, when this results from the burning of charcoal or coke in open pans, placed in close rooms. Carbonic acid, on the other hand, though dangerous to life by arresting respiration, is comparatively harmless in small quantities. Both combined are more dangerous than either alone. Sulphurous-acid gas has a strong, pungent odor, from what is popularly called "gas" or "sulphur." The latter gives us warning of our danger, and we hasten to remedy it by opening the doors, windows, or by increasing the draught, otherwise the results would be more frequently fatal. This would naturally lead us to the conclusion that a sufficient draught is absolutely necessary, whether we burn hard coal in a grate (which is really the best method yet discovered) or in stoves and furnaces, which should be air-tight, made of wrought iron, and not furnished with

dampers. Even with these requisites it is known that gas will permeate metallic plates one-tenth of an inch thick by means of the dilation which heat produces, and, what is stranger still, these gases become incorporated with the metallic substance, assuming an active or inert condition, according as the temperature is high or low.

The lesson to be derived from this discovery is, that a most destructive agent especially produced by the combustion of hard coal escapes, not only from leaky stoves, furnaces, chimneys, etc., but passes through red-hot metallic plates, causing those unpleasant and sometimes fatal results already indicated.

It may be objected that, constantly exposed, as numbers are, to this powerful agent of destruction, comparatively few are sensibly effected by it. This is true to a certain extent. Fortunately for them, these dangerous gases are produced in small quantities, and the presence of sulphur gives timely warning of their accumulation. Besides, those who are accustomed to an impure atmosphere are thereby rendered, in a manner, proof against its noxious influence; just as those who take arsenic or opium moderately for some time, can finally bear doses that would quickly kill a beginner; nevertheless, they are dangerous poisons, and must assuredly injure health and shorten life.

Again, proper ventilation, which is now duly recognized, will render these gases less dangerous until the discovery of a safer and healthier method of warming houses; but, where this safeguard is absent, or accidentally neglected, the worst consequences cannot fail to follow.

The diseases said to be produced by these poisonous gases are of a typhoid character, in which the blood is poisoned and rendered unfit to support respiration, while the brain and the whole nervous system are also affected, as indicated by the headache and nervous symptoms following exposure to the poison, of late so common, and not otherwise so easily accounted for.

The best methods of heating, at present known, are by steam and hot water; but these are expensive, and the pipes likely to get out of order easily; next come the wood furnaces, which are both safe and healthy, but there are obvious objections to them except where wood is abundant. Numerous and ingenious contrivances have been designed by manufacturers for the purpose of rendering hard-coal gas innoxious, and commendable progress has been made in this direction, but, as yet, no adequate remedy has been found. All that can be done now is to lessen the danger resulting from the burning of anthracite coal in cast-iron stoves and furnaces; and this can be done to a certain extent by using fire-brick or soft stone in contact with the fuel; to have air-tight stoves and furnaces made of wrought-iron, if possible; to avoid the use of dampers, and to secure a thorough draught, so as to eliminate the noxious gases just as soon as generated, and before they can contaminate the heated air, render it dangerous to health, and unpleasant to the senses.

TABLE-TALK.

WITH this number, APPLETONS' JOURNAL enters upon the second year of its existence, the first number having been issued April 3, 1869. The completion of the year, therefore, offers what seems to us a fitting opportunity for a little chat with our readers about what we have done and what we intend to do. The success of the JOURNAL is assured, and its place among the literary periodicals of the land is recognized in all quarters with a warmth of approbation sufficiently gratifying to its editors and publishers. We have nothing to complain of, and much to be grateful for. We have given to the public, in the fifty-two numbers already issued, and in their supplements, an amount of reading-matter at least one-fourth greater than was ever given for the same price, embracing a choice variety of fiction, in the form of both serial novels and short stories; essays upon literary and social topics; popular science; sketches of travel and adventure; discussions upon art, books, and kindred themes; papers upon all the various subjects that pertain to the pursuits and recreations of the people, together with poems by some of our foremost poets. We have printed stories, poems, or essays, from the following writers, among others: W. C. Bryant, Mrs. Oliphant, Anthony Trollope, Professor Huxley, Professor Tyndall, Professor Foster, Herbert Spencer, Bayard Taylor, Maria J. McIntosh, T. B. Thorpe, Dr. H. M. Beard, Dr. Thomas Laycock, John Fiske, Professor Bain, Professor T. B. Maury, Professor Schele de Vere, G. S. Hillard, Alice

Cary, Phebe Cary, Victor Hugo, Edmund About, George Sand, R. H. Stoddard, Elizabeth Stoddard, Dr. I. I. Hayes, Dr. H. W. Bellows, Dr. Samuel Osgood, Annie Thomas, Caroline Chesebro, Mrs. Julia C. R. Dorr, E. L. Youmans, Paul H. Hayne, John Esten Cooke, George M. Towle, Dr. W. A. Hammond, George Wakeman, Catherine E. Beecher, Carl Benson, Henry Coppée, Eugene Benson, C. L. Brace, S. S. Cox, Prosper Mérimée, Erckmann-Chatrian, Elise Polko. Many of these articles have been profusely illustrated, in a style superior to any thing of the kind ever before attempted in America. We have, besides, given in supplements twenty large and costly cartoons and twelve fine steel engravings, from the works of our best artists, together with profuse illustrations of life in the coal-mines and in the mines of precious metals, of the city of New York, of the Suez Canal, of the sierras of Peru, and of famous gardens, ancient and modern. Of what we shall do in the coming year, we do not care to boast. We can only promise, in addition to the works already announced—by Dickens, Trollope, and De Mille—that we shall spare no pains, and grudge no expense, to keep the JOURNAL at the high standard it has already reached, and to make it satisfactory to its hundred thousand readers.

— The fine dressing that marks modern church-goers has often been commented upon by censorious critics, and not a few surly people intimate that, if churches did not afford the excellent opportunity they do for the display of handsome toilets, a good many of our pastors would be without congregations altogether, and many more preaching to very slim ones. It is, no doubt, true that church-going and elegant dressing are indissolubly associated in many minds, and not a few zealous worshippers, particularly among the ladies, would find it difficult to keep up their devotional zeal, if obliged to appear at church in shabby or even unfashionable attire. But this association of two apparently incongruous ideas is more innocent than at first appears. "Cleanliness is next to godliness," and so are neatness and all forms of seemliness. Men and women in pure linen, in unstained apparel, in choice personal adornment, have a sense of dignity and elevation which those in slovenly garb do not experience. And it is no particular sin if this sort of elevation is carried a little too far. Pride, of course, often enters into fine dressing, and many women particularly are fond of flaunting their fine feathers in people's eyes; but a great majority love handsome dressing in obedience to an instinct of refinement—in consequence of that sense of personal purity which accompanies the wearing of choice apparel—and hence we see perfect congruity in the well-dressed crowds that pour through our streets on Sundays, wending their way to the place of prayer. And our most fashionable congregations, if exhibiting a little too much of ultra-elegance, even if showing unmistakably the presence of pride and vain glory in too large a proportion for the spiritual welfare of the worshippers, have yet an air of sobriety, are reverential in manner, at least—conditions that seem to have been somewhat different in former times, if we can credit Mr. J. C. Jeaffreson, who, in his new "Book about the Clergy," gives us some striking pictures of church-assemblies in the olden times. Before the pew-system came into use, the body of the church was a lounge, Mr. Jeaffreson tells us, for the idle and the lovers of gossip, and was often used for a fair or market. We quote a description of the manners of a feudal congregation:

"One bad result of the ancient social use of the Christian temple was the air of irreverent familiarity that distinguished the medieval church-assemblies during divine service. On such occasions the public quarter was never without a due complement of frequenters; but their dress and conduct were such that the spectators whose religious proclivities were in the direction of Lollardy had cause to disapprove the lightness and inquietude of the gossiping throng. The women donned their brightest attire ere they set out for church on sacred days; and, on entering the place of worship, they often showed that their presence in the house of prayer was quite as much due to love of the world as to delight in holy thoughts. Having duly crossed themselves half a score times, knelt on the bare floor for ten minutes, and muttered a few prayers to the rood, they deemed themselves at liberty to look about for their admirers and prattle to their acquaintance. The ladies of superior degree very often had pet sparrow-hawks perched on their wrists, and toy hounds following close at their heels. The case was the same with the men, who, having walked to church on the lookout for wild birds and four-legged game, brought their hounds and falcons into the sacred edifice, where the chants of the choir and rolling melodies of the organ were often marred by the barking of dogs, the jangling of hawk-bells, and the screams of children terrified by the noise of savage mas-

tiffs. And, while this riot was going on in the nave, the priests in the choir or chancel would put their heads together, and gossip about the latest scandals of their chapter or of the neighborhood, make engagements for pleasure-meetings after service, and exchange opinions on the newest affairs of politics. In the 'Ship of Fools,' Alexander Barclay tells us how, when a priest sitting on one side of the choir wished to communicate during service a piece of trivial gossip to a brother priest on the other side of the chancel, he would beckon to the rector short, and make him act as a messenger or medium of intelligence between the two sides of 'the quere,' "

The contrast which this scene presents to the interior of a modern church will go far to excuse the few follies the latter exhibits. We can quite afford to endure the brilliant attire of a nineteenth-century congregation, so long as the pet dogs and pet birds are left at home, and ladies wait until reaching the church-door after service, before "looking about for their admirers and prattling to their acquaintances."

— There is at the present moment no greater object of interest in New York than the Pneumatic Railway—that is, the two hundred and ninety-four feet completed, and which now may be visited for the small investment of twenty-five cents. Our readers are probably already acquainted with this project, and its successful initiation. Visitors to the completed portion are surprised, after descending to the subterranean entrance to the tunnel, to find a handsome, brilliantly-lighted and upholstered waiting-room, a long, white tunnel, dazzling with its array of lights, and as fresh and dry as an upper-air apartment, and a car of elegant pattern and workmanship. These attractive features render every one an enthusiastic convert to this scheme of transit, forgetful, perhaps, that the practical operation of the road remains to be established. But this is now scarcely doubted; and inasmuch as it is already demonstrated that an underground road may be built without disturbing the surface of the street, without interfering with sewers or water-pipes, accomplishing its task noiselessly and steadily, with no inconvenience to any interests, there is a general eagerness to see the road pushed forward to its completion. It is estimated that the transit of the island by the pneumatic dispatch can be made in about seven minutes—but this calculation hardly allows for necessary stoppages. Allowing a mile a minute for transit, this would carry a car from the City Hall to Harlem in eight minutes, and, with eight stoppages, in fifteen minutes—a speed one would suppose sufficient. It will certainly be a strange thing when the time comes that a man may be blown from one end of Manhattan to the other through an underground tunnel in an underground car, which shall be as light as day, and as handsome as his own parlor. What with elevated railways and underground railways, we are entering upon a new era of travel.

— Mr. George W. Bungay, in an article in the *Christian Union* on "Sunday-school Inflections," describes, among the various kinds of speakers that come and address Sunday-school children, the "terrible speaker," the man who mistakes noise for eloquence, and sound for sense. "His lungs," says Mr. Bungay, "being better than his brains, he uses them the most. No child will sleep when he speaks. He not only keeps them awake, but he frightens them also. 'Ma, he is going to speak again; see, he's swelling up!' said a little girl to her mother, when one of these impulsive speakers was shouting to an audience. He mistakes blood-power for brain-power, and thinks that 'sound and fury' will scare the lambs into the fold, or scare the wolves from the flock. 'How did you like my speech, dear?' said one of those 'howling dervishes' to little girl. 'I did not like it at all,' she said, 'for you just got up and yelled!' Such a man will put a good deal of fire in his speech, but it is the kind of fire we hope to shun hereafter, and not the fire which kindles the emotion of pure and heavenly love upon the altar of the human heart." These "terrible speakers" are not confined to Sunday-school visitors; they inflict our Sunday congregations as well as our Sunday-school children, and in truth are a large majority of all public speakers. Some of our orators, well deserving the term of eloquent, would be quite as effective if a little less noisy; and even the editor of the *Christian Union* sins in this particular—getting sometimes far more loud and emphatic than the sense of what he is saying requires. Tempestuous declamation is a characteristic of American oratory, and very often, like the little girl in Mr. Bungay's story, our quiet criticism of a speaker of this noisy class is that "he just got up and yelled!"

— We have already referred to Professor Tyndall's lecture on

"Haze and Dust," in which he satisfactorily proves that the quantity of dust we eat in the course of our lives is quite insignificant in comparison with that which we inhale. It is suggested, in view of the professor's experiments, that our custom of covering every obscure corner of our rooms with carpets is a mistake. Square pieces of carpet, that can be easily taken up and shaken, are even now in some quarters replacing the closely-fitting old ones, which often were the receptacles of years of dust. It is even intimated that it would be wiser if we discarded carpets altogether—or at least in summer-time—when we could scrub and sprinkle our floors once a day, and thus lay the dust which now finds a home in our lungs. The absence of carpets, which strikes an American on first visiting the Continent of Europe, is, after all, not perhaps so much a mark of poverty as of refinement and sanitary intelligence.

— The cartoon accompanying this number of the *JOURNAL* represents a scene in the famous railway-depot of Chicago, where we see gathered, for the departing train, a group, in striking contrast, of fashionable women, London cockneys, German immigrants, Western pioneers, native Indians, and ever-ubiquitous Yankees. This bustling scene, common to all railway-depots in our great centres, is designed by our artist to specially illustrate the famous passenger-station of Chicago, said to be the largest and the handsomest in the world. We have in the engraving but a glimpse of a part of the interior. The walls of this structure are of Athens (Illinois) marble, and possess a façade of notable beauty. The situation is in a part of the town that once was nearly neglected, but, since the erection of the depot, business has gathered in its vicinity, and now it has become one of the best business-centres of this great Western mart.

— We quote, in our "Miscellany" of this week, an extract from a letter to the *Dumfries Standard* in relation to "Thomas Carlyle at Home," in which occurs the charge of some very strange rudeness on the part of Mr. Carlyle to an American visitor. In reference to this, a writer in the *London Graphic* says: "Let me briefly remark that the most innocuous part of the gossip is an accusation brought against the illustrious historian and philosopher of direct personal rudeness to an American gentleman who called upon him with a letter of introduction from Emerson. I merely say that, if I have met one American, I have met fifty who have visited Mr. Carlyle with similar credentials, and they have been unanimous in their appreciation of the kindness and cordiality shown them by the sage of Cheyne Row."

— The first saw-mill erected on the Thames (1663) was taken down "lest our labouring people should want employment." This senseless notion that machinery is destructive to the interests of labor still occasionally asserts itself, and one may even hear the invention of the sewing-machine regretted because "it deprives sewing-women of employment." But every new labor-saving invention must for a time encounter this prejudice—a prejudice that, in despite of new lights, dies very hard.

Art, Music, and the Drama.

M. J. S. CLARKE has appeared as Dr. Pangloss in the "Heir at Law," but the *Pall Mall Gazette* thinks him unequal in that part to many English actors. It says: "His humor lacks spontaneity, and is always the result of much effort. He is without the gift possessed by certain English actors, noted for what is called 'unction' in performance, who, by their mere presence on the stage, beget in the minds of their audience a desire to laugh, and whose every tone and glance of the unstudied kind is somehow found to be fruitful in amusement. His voice is hard and thin, and his face in repose is without humorous suggestion. He is comic, certainly, but after a labored fashion."

"Lost at Sea," at Wallack's Theatre, is the last success in the way of the sensational drama. It is from the joint pens of Boucicault and Byron, and consists of an utterly-improbable tissue of incidents worked together so ingeniously, and with such effect, as to almost disarm the judgment as to its intrinsic absurdities. There is one very telling scene of a house on fire that is realistic enough to satisfy the most exacting critics in this direction.

Mr. James Holland, a well-known water-color painter, died recently in England. He began his career as a painter of flowers on pottery, but ere long extended his studies so as to include shipping, architecture, and landscapes, among his subjects. His flower-pictures soon gained him notoriety. In 1835 he made his first contributions to the exhibition of

the Society of Water-colors—a society of which afterward he became one of the chief ornaments.

M. Offenbach is said to have signed an agreement to write a new comic opera, entitled "Fantasio," the libretto being founded on a poem by M. Alfred De Musset. It is promised for performance next winter.

The gold medal of merit, presented to Madame Patti by the czar, bears his likeness surrounded by diamonds, and is valued at ten thousand francs. Rubini, Lablache, Tamburini, and Bosio, were honored in like manner.

London, say the English journals, is threatened with an invasion of French opera. French opera seems to be shelved with us for the present.

Boucicault, we are told, has produced over one hundred and fifty dramatic pieces. If all these dramas could be dissected, and each part returned to its original owner, how much would remain for Boucicault?

The picture by Raphael at Paris, for which a million of francs—about two hundred thousand dollars—is asked, is exposed to view in the Louvre.

Jerome Thompson, whose "Old Oaken Bucket" was so famous, has just completed a picture illustrating Morris's "Woodman, spare that Tree."

Gustave Doré, it is said, will make an artistic tour through the United States. Some of our strange, Far-Western scenery will be a revelation even to his weird and imaginative pencil.

Charles Matthews is to get seventy thousand dollars for a two-years' engagement in Australia.

"She Stoops to Conquer" has been acted at the St. James's Theatre, London, over one hundred nights in succession.

M. Strauss has been presented by his orchestra with a cross of honor in diamonds.

The Italian journals are in ecstasies over a Mdlle. Albani, who is now singing at Messina.

Literary Notes.

AMATEURS of standard French works, illustrated in the highest style of art, will regret to learn of the death of M. Léon Curmer, whose whole life has been spent in the publication of the long series of remarkable works which have rendered him deservedly celebrated. "Les Heures de Maitre Estienne Chevalier" (Prayer-book of M. Estienne Chevalier), Treasurer-General of France under Charles VII. and Louis XI., published in 1484, first brought him prominently to notice, followed in rapid succession by his illustrated missal, prayer-books, and "Imitation de Jésus Christ," all of which are masterpieces in their way. The Prayer-book of Queen Anne of Brittany ("Les Heures de la Reine Anne de Bretagne"), in itself a marvel of genius, illustrated with fifty large miniatures, beautifully illuminated, which might be taken for original designs, forms a worthy companion to his splendid edition of the Gospels. The Festivals of the Church of Rome ("Les fêtes de l'Eglise romaine"), illustrated by Overbeck, caused quite a sensation in the religious world when issued, on account of its superlative artistic and intrinsic merits. His efforts in illustrating other fields of literature were equally successful and popular. One can scarcely weary admiring the beauties contained throughout his superb editions of the "Discours sur l'histoire universelle" (Discourse upon Universal History), "Jardin des Plantes" (Garden of Plants), Perrault's fables ("Contes de Perrault"), "Trois Règnes de la Nature" (Three Kingdoms of Nature), "Paul et Virginie," "Les français peints par eux-mêmes" (The French Painted by Themselves), etc. In those delightful works the happiest efforts of some of the greatest artists of our generation are displayed; such as Overbeck, Tony Johannot, Français, Steinheil, Daubigny, Meissonnier, Paugnet, and Alexander de Bar. The association of artistic with literary genius, which he so skilfully combined, has already borne abundant fruit; his works, disseminated throughout every civilized nation, having powerfully contributed to the formation of correct ideas respecting the principles of art. Already early impressions of M. Curmer's works, in fine condition, are eagerly competed for, and fetch fabulous prices, while no library of importance is regarded as complete unless in possession of the entire set, thus establishing the certainty that they will for many years maintain an honorable place among the standard collections of France.

The Paris correspondent of a Montreal paper has written a very entertaining sketch of George Sand's mode of life at her chateau at Nothant, in company with her son and daughter-in-law. The great novelist rises at eleven, breakfasts alone on an egg and a cup of sugarless, black coffee. Then she smokes a few cigarettes of the best Maryland tobacco.

At twelve she goes out for a walk, returns in an hour to write till six, then dinner for herself—soup, fish caught by her own hands, and fruits *ad libitum*. At midnight she retires to her room, makes her *toilette de nuit*, and then writes until six in the morning. If she finishes a work at two o'clock, she "lays down a new keel" and continues to write until the usual hour. Her penmanship is clear, and each page, written on lines, is limited to a fixed number of words. Old music is her delight, and Mozart her favorite; she is fond of private theatricals and of dominoes, but she never plays for money. In personal appearance she is described as dumpy, but not disagreeably so; her head and shoulders are large and heavy, her eyes piercingly black, her mouth vulgar, but not sensual, hands and feet small and plump as a child's, and a complexion the color of old ivory.

Mrs. Marceau, author of "Conversations on Chemistry," has attempted, in "Mary's Grammar," to render the study of grammar simple and easy to children. The lessons are given in the form of conversations between a little girl and her mother, and seem well calculated to make the rules of this science clear to the intelligence of a child. Nothing is more obvious than that grammar, as it is ordinarily studied by children, is utterly beyond their comprehension. A few of the rules they are enabled, perhaps, to apply; but the great majority remain an abstract jargon, without significance or meaning. This little book of "Mary's Grammar" is designed to remove these difficulties, and to render grammar clear, simple, and practically applicable.

We referred last week to the death of the Rev. Mr. Townsend, the friend of Scott and Wordsworth, who was wont to chalk his garden-walls with epigrams. Here is one of his epigrams, describing Wordsworth and his friends of the "Lake School":

"They dwell at the Lakes, an appropriate quarter
For poems diluted with plenty of water."

Once, when his rectory was robbed, he solaced himself by a couplet as follows:

"They came and prigged my stockings, my linen, and my store;
But they couldn't prig my sermons, for they were prigged before!"

A book is announced in England, to be called "Memoirs of my Time," written by a gentleman connected with the literary press, which will contain personal reminiscences of eminent men, including the late Douglas Jerrold, W. M. Thackeray, Leigh Hunt, Sheridan Knowles, Thomas Hood, Charles Kemble, Peter Cunningham, Vincent Wallace, E. H. Baily, R. A., Sir Joseph Paxton, Albert Smith, Angus Reach, John Leach, and W. C. Macready.

Dean Stanley read Hawthorne's "Marble Faun" six times. Once, when first published, from curiosity; a second time for its beautiful language; third, before visiting Rome; fourth, while in Rome, as well suited to the spirit of the place; fifth, after returning from Rome, as a pleasant reminder of the visit; and the last time, as he said, "because I wanted to."

Mary Russell Mitford, in one of her letters in 1820, said: "I write merely for remuneration, and I would rather scrub floors, if I could get as much by that healthier, more respectable, and feminine employment."

The pope has presented to the Marquis of Bute a beautiful copy of the Lord's Prayer, printed, in two hundred and fifty different languages and dialects, at the polyglot press of the Propaganda College.

In India the entire Bible has been rendered into fifty-one different dialects, and portions of it into twenty-five.

Scientific Notes.

AT a mile and a quarter from Durfort, a small village in the district of Vigan, in France, a highly-interesting excavation has recently been examined, called the Grotto of the Dead, and supposed by the peasants of the neighborhood to contain the bones of Camisards who fell victims to the unrelenting severity of Louis XIV. It had often been visited by parties of workmen residing in the vicinity, one of whom, now an old man of eighty years, declared that when he was a boy he used frequently to descend into the cavern by means of a rope, and return with skulls, shoulder-blades, and thigh-bones, which he sold to those desirous of possessing them. The grotto was filled with bones to the height of at least one yard. Seven or eight long pearls were found in it, likewise thirty flint knives, a bone whistle, a small stone for sharpening or polishing knives, a rib or clavicle in which was still fastened the bronze blade which had occasioned death. Mingled with those objects were fragments of pottery, a few entire skulls, long shaped, with prominent jawbones, and about sixty specimens of flint arms and instruments cut in the form of flints belonging to the age of polished stone. The sepulchral grotto of Durfort has, therefore, nothing to do

with the Camisards, but belongs to the period of transition between the age of polished stone and that of bronze; being contemporary with the grotto of Saint-Jean-d'Ales in Aveyron, or the period of the last megalithic constructions. In all probability it is the burying-ground of a small tribe, or perhaps of a single family, belonging, like the tribe of Saint-Jean-d'Ales and the Dolmens of Lombrives in the Pyrenees, to one of those mixed races which sprang from the union of the first Northern invaders with the old Ligurian or Iberian populations of Southern Gaul. The tribe in question doubtless dwelt along the banks of the river Vassorgues, or in the woods of the mountain of Costa; the exact position of their habitations may sooner or later be brought to light. The men composing this tribe lived upon the products of the chase, and wore suspended like trophies around their necks the teeth of wolves, bears, foxes, and stags, and the tusks of wild-boars they had slain. They were, doubtless, clad with skins of animals during this primitive period, but even then they were acquainted with the use of buttons in fixing them; it is also possible that their wives possessed the important art of spinning wool. This little tribe; then, judging from the relics it has left behind, drew as much advantage as possible from the natural resources of the country around them. Its members made numerous articles from alabaster stalactites, remarkable on account of their dazzling whiteness, calcareous spath with yellowish shades running through it, and brilliant galena. Besides, they made commercial exchanges with neighboring tribes, who supplied them with pearls of red copper, serpentine, and marble, and made the Alps even contribute as far as they could to their attire and adornment.

The London *Spectator* thus sums up the results of recent researches by English astronomers: At last, after enormous labor, the heat received from two well-known stars has been measured. Arcturus, the leading brilliant of the Herdsman, and Vega, the chief star of the Lyre, are the two orbs dealt with by Mr. Stone. From a careful measurement of their light, Sir John Herschel long since determined that these stars are of equal splendor; but Arcturus shines with a ruddy, yellow light, while Vega exhibits a color which has been compared to the gleam of highly-polished steel. The estimates of their heat correspond with the aspect of these orbs. The fiery Arcturus sends us about twice as much heat as the bluish Vega. Minute indeed is the quantity of heat received from either star, even Arcturus having a direct heating effect corresponding to but about the eight-hundred-thousandth part of a degree of Fahrenheit. Or, Mr. Stone remarks, the result may be otherwise stated as follows: The heat received from Arcturus is sensibly the same as that from the face of a three-inch iron cube full of boiling water at a distance of three hundred and eighty-three yards. To the worlds which circle around these brilliant stars, our sun doubtless supplies no larger a degree of heat; but, we have good reason to believe that he is relatively an insignificant orb. Around Arcturus are well-warmed worlds, nourished by the rays which belong to the red end of the spectrum. Those which circle around Vega, if equally distant, are less plentifully supplied with heat. On the other hand, if one may speculate so confidently as to the state of these worlds as to regard photography as an art practised among their inhabitants, then must the people warmed by Arcturus sit longer for their portraits than those on whom the brilliant Vega pours his powerful actinic rays. Seriously, the researches we have been dealing with suggest strange thoughts for our consideration. The question of the plurality of worlds had seemed perplexing enough when we considered merely the strangely-various conditions under which living creatures must subsist in the different orbs which circle round our sun. But when we contemplate the varieties presented among the fixed stars, the mind is lost in the attempt to conceive the enormous range of variety which must characterize the races of living creatures subsisting in the systems of which those stars are the central luminaries.

An archaeological monument of primary importance has just been discovered by M. Ch. Clermont-Ganneau (a chancellor-dragoman of the French consulate at Jerusalem), consisting of a large basaltic stela, found on the eastern shore of the Dead Sea, on the territory of the ancient Moabites. Upon this stela an inscription of more than thirty lines is engraved, in Phoenician characters, beginning with those words: "I, Meshah, the son of Chamos." Now Meshah is a King of Moab, whose title in the Bible is qualified by that of sheepmaster, a contemporary of the prophet Elijah, of Jehoshaphat, King of Judah, and of Ahab, Ahabiah, and Jehoram, Kings of Israel. The third chapter of the Second Book of Kings gives a detailed account of the campaign undertaken in consort by Jehoram and Jehoshaphat against Meshah, King of Moab. The Moabite stela likewise relates the principal episodes of the struggle of Meshah against the King of Israel, and enumerates the cities constructed and the temples raised and consecrated by this monarch to the national god of the Moabites at Chamos. The age of this monument is materially determined by the synchronism it offers with Jewish history; it dates from the ninth century before the Christian era, being posterior to the reign of Solomon about one hundred years, and about two centuries an-

terior to the celebrated sarcophagus of Echmonazar, King of Sidon. The Phoenician characters, with which the inscription is written, present an archaic aspect, which is not observed, in the same degree, in any of the Phoenician monuments hitherto discovered. The inscription, however, has been deciphered with ease and absolute certainty, the words being separated by periods, and the sentences by vertical bars. With the exception of a few orthographical differences, the language is pure Hebrew, and any one regarding the text might not unnaturally suppose that he was reading a page of the Bible, the division into verses and the parallelism of expressions helping to complete the illusion. The Moabites besides, as is well known, belonged to the same race as the Hebrews. This precious text will enable critics to verify the correctness and estimate the true worth of the historical passages of the Bible by a document contemporary with the events, and will form in itself a rich contribution to ethnography, mythology, geography, philology, and paleography. An exact copy of it has been forwarded to the Academy of Inscriptions by M. Ch. Clermont-Ganneau, along with a dissertation which will shortly be published.

A new description of mirror, invented by M. Dodé, and manufactured on a large scale by M. Wailly, promises to supersede the style of mirrors hitherto in vogue. The invention consists in covering the external surface of the glass with a coating of platinum, chloride of platinum being the principal operating agent. Mixed with the essence of lavender, chloride of platinum forms an oily liquid, which, on being decomposed by the influence of heat, leaves the chloride of platinum upon the surface of the glass. After being thoroughly cleaned and placed in an upright position, the glass receives the metallizing liquid which is poured upon it first from top to bottom, second from left to right, third from bottom to top, and fourth from right to left. The coating of oily liquid, containing a large proportion of essence of lavender, is thus spread equally over the whole surface and dries slowly without running. The composition of platinum is prepared in the following manner: Three and one-half ounces of laminated platinum are dissolved in *aque regia*, and evaporated dry by means of a sand-bath, care being taken not to decompose the chloride of platinum; it is then spread over a glass surface, and the essence of purified lavender is poured upon it in small quantities. The too rapid pouring out of the essence should be avoided, as it would cause too high a rate of temperature, and consequently destroy the platiniferous composition. When about three pounds two ounces of the essence of lavender have been poured out the mixture is placed in a porcelain capsule and allowed to rest for eight days, when it is decanted and filtered; six days afterward the filtered liquor is again decanted, which should then indicate the strength of five degrees. In preparing the dissolvent for the quantity of platinum stated, the following proportions are taken: one ounce of litharge, one ounce of borate of lead, pounded with one-third of an ounce of essence of lavender, until completely pulverized. This dissolvent is stirred and mixed with the platiniferous liquid and used as stated. When the glass is covered over with a coat of metal, and sufficiently dry, it is placed in a furnace of peculiar construction, in which the platiniferous resin is decomposed and converted into carbon. The residue of this decomposition, somewhat spongy at first, is transformed into a splendid coating of platinum. The mirrors thus prepared are exceedingly brilliant, while the expense incurred in coating them with platina is estimated at twenty cents gold per square yard.

M. Bauermann has recently collected a variety of ancient stone instruments while examining the turquoise-mines of the promontory of Sinai; the most interesting being specimens of hammers, wedges, and chisels. The turquoise are found in a bed of quartz grit, at Wady Sidrey and Wady Maghars, in veins running generally from north to south. They were worked by the Egyptians of the third and thirteenth dynasty of Manetho, according to the testimony of the hieroglyphic inscriptions engraved upon the rock. The instruments used in tracing those inscriptions are still found in the vicinity; also innumerable flint wedges with their points blunted and rounded from the effects of stone hammers; rounded flint stones with a concavity on each side for the finger and thumb, and fragments of wooden cylinders. The flint wedges coincide exactly with the marks made in the rock, while being excavated, and have evidently been blunted by such operations. Nothing indicates the use of metals of any kind in those works. This discovery is highly important, inasmuch as it solves the question regarding the instruments used by the Egyptians in fashioning their admirable syenite ornaments. The same means were doubtless used elsewhere, and a part at least of the delicate and marvellous sculptures of Egypt were in all probability executed with flint instruments, no proof existing that they possessed any knowledge of the use of steel, and iron and bronze not being sufficiently hard for doing such work. The beautiful sculptures left by the ancient Mexicans, so justly celebrated for their precision of details, were, as is well known, executed with stone instruments, and lend an air of great probability to the opinion advanced by M. Bauermann.

MM. Léauté and Denoyel, students of the Paris Polytechnic School, have invented a new submarine lamp, which was recently tested at night in the Seine in presence of Admiral Paris and a staff of officers and engineers stationed on board a pontoon. This lamp has an exceedingly luminous focus, being enclosed in a very thick glass cylinder fixed upon a plate, underneath which is a copper receptacle containing oxygen compressed to ten atmospheres, which, by means of a valve worked by the diver, furnishes the element of combustion to the wick. The experiment lasted about two hours, during which the onlookers were fully convinced of the scientific value and practical utility of the invention. The diver employed to exhibit the lamp succeeded in collecting the various objects from the bottom of the Seine that had previously been thrown overboard, thus demonstrating its usefulness for the recovery of property from foundered vessels and the prosecution of hydraulic undertakings by night.

A French civil engineer, M. Lagout, has invented a simple and useful apparatus, which he has baptized with the modest name of "Régulateur des montres," or watch-regulator, and one of which is about to be placed in each square in the city of Paris. It is a sun-dial of galvanized sheet-iron, parallel to the equator, showing the equation of time, that is to say, the difference each day between the real time of the sun and the mean time of chronometers. With such a datum, it will only be necessary to add or subtract the number of minutes marked by the shadow on the dial, in order to regulate or set one's watch. The style is a simple steel needle, and its inclination on the horizon is an angle equal to that of the degree of latitude. The shadow is narrow and well defined, and marks the time within a minute. The Parisians are in hopes, and very justly too, that this useful and cheap little invention will determine the suppression of the absurd cannon at the Palais-Royal that fires for midday at a quarter past noon.

A London chemist—Dr. Andrews—has announced a discovery of the first importance, namely, that the gaseous and liquid state of matter are continuous. His experiments have chiefly been made upon carbonic acid, confined in fine glass tubes, and subjected to various pressures up to that of one hundred and ten atmospheres; they show that from carbonic acid as a perfect gas to carbonic acid as a perfect liquid the transition may be accomplished as a continuous process, and that the gas and liquid are only distinct stages of a long series of continuous physical changes.

MM. J. Belleville & Co., of Paris, have invented a new class of steam-generators, or boilers, warranted not to burst. The invention consists in the perfecting of the tubular system, each copper or wrought-iron tube entering into the construction of the generator being completely isolated. They are formed after three types, viz., marine, stationary, and portable, and are being made in considerable numbers for the imperial navy, arsenals, and workshops. Those placed recently on board the imperial yacht L'Hirondelle were subjected to the severest tests, which they most successfully withstood.

A Belgian, named Thirion, has designed a new aerial machine. It consists of a pair of parallel boards, furnished with sails, and connected by jointed rods. Movement is obtained by the opening and shutting of the sails and the approximation and shutting of the boards. The action is kept up by a small steam-engine, which is placed in the back part of the construction.

In a paper read before the Royal Society, Mr. Hull records the temperature of the strata through which the shaft of a coal-mine was sunk near Wigan. It is nearly half a mile deep, and penetrates the globe farther than any other mine. The temperature of the coal at the bottom of the mine, as stated in Mr. Hull's paper, is ninety-three degrees and a half!

Miscellany.

Volcanic Fish.

In the year 1803, Humboldt was fortunate enough to witness an eruption of Cotopaxi, the great volcano of the Andes, during which, among other products, a large quantity of fish was ejected. The inquiries immediately instituted, and the investigations of more recent travellers, have brought to light the astounding fact that, from time to time, though at irregular periods, fishes are cast up from the interior of the mountain during volcanic eruptions. This phenomenon is not confined to Cotopaxi; it has been observed also in other centres of volcanic action—to wit, Tungurahua, Sungay, Imbaburu, Cargueirago, etc.—all of them in the same range. From the craters of these volcanoes, or from fissures in their sides, it is an ascertained fact that fish are vomited forth at a height of some sixteen thousand feet above the level of the sea, and about half that height above the surrounding plains. The animals all

belong to a single species, the *Arges Cyclopum*, as it has been well named. Nor is it a mere chance fish or two that finds its way to the outer world through this strange opening. They are ejected in such countless shoals, that, on more than one occasion, the fetid exhalations proceeding from their putrid bodies have spread disease and death over the neighboring regions. Such was the case in 1691, when the volcano of Imbaburu vomited myriads of these fish over the town of Ibarra and its environs. On this occasion, pestilential fevers desolated the neighborhood. The same occurred when the summit of the volcano of Cargueirago fell in (June 10, 1898), and millions of preganillas were thrown out of the sides of the mountain, mingled with mud and clay. At a later period, the lands of a certain Marquis de Salvalego were completely covered with these fish, the infectious odor from whose decaying bodies poisoned the surrounding country. As far as the external world is concerned, *Arges Cyclopum* is known to exist in some lakes on the sides of these mountains, eight thousand to ten thousand feet above the sea-level. It is presumable that these lakes communicate with reservoirs in the interior, where the preganillas are generated, and thus find their way through the crater. But this is mere conjecture. Nor, after all, does it help much toward removing the difficulties by which the phenomenon is surrounded. If these supposed lakes do exist in the interior of the mountain, how strange must be their situation, which allows of fish living in them at an ordinary temperature, and yet places these same fish exactly "in the line of fire" when the contents of this huge earth-stomach are discharged by the crater's mouth! If the internal lakes do not exist, whence come the myriads of fish which are ever and anon ejected? Not the least curious part of the affair is that, though some of the fish reach *terra firma* in a half-boiled condition, most of them are perfectly raw, and not a few are even alive, in spite of the fiery ordeal through which they have had to pass.

Thomas Carlyle at Home.

The London correspondent of the *Dumfries Standard* writes: "I am sorry to inform you that the condition of Mr. Thomas Carlyle is giving a great deal of uneasiness to his friends. He has long been known to be an unhappy man, although, when in the mood, he is the most delightful company imaginable. Still it is not often that he is in the mood, and then, with his bitterness and fierce sarcasm, he makes it bad times for those who are beside him. Of late, too, his gloom, moodiness, desire for sequestration, and irritability when disturbed, have much increased. Friend after friend, who had borne with him long out of respect for his real nobility of soul, have been gradually alienated by his capricious temper, and now the grand old man may be said to be almost alone in the world with his old Scotch servant from the hill-country of Dumfriesshire. Mr. Ruskin was the longest suffering; but he, too, knows no longer the way to Cheyne Row. I heard, the other day, an amusing story of Carlyle. An American author of eminence came over, bearing a letter of introduction from Emerson, one of Carlyle's special favorites and warmest admirers. Carlyle has a habit of answering his door himself—a practice rather disconcerting, I should say, to hawkers, beggars, etc., and, indeed, to applicants of another stamp. This particular Yankee knocked, and Carlyle opened unto him. The man, taken aback, for he knew Carlyle well by his photographs (as who does not?), asked, hesitatingly, 'Is Mr. Thomas Carlyle at home?' The sage's reply was a loud and emphatic 'No!' followed by slamming the door with so much abruptness, that the American's nose made a very narrow escape. He has a large room at the top of the house, lighted from the roof, where all his favorite books are, and pasted on the wall are portraits—some fine, others very common—of those whom he regarded as his heroes—Frederick the Great, Gustavus Adolphus, and a number more. This room is his sanctum, and few there be who are admitted into it; I have never known more than two, besides his secretaries, whom he was wont to change very often, and to whom he did not always behave, it was said, so considerately as he might. There is something peculiar in the tenure of Mr. Carlyle's holding of his house in Cheyne Walk. He has not the remotest conception who is his landlord. He saw the advertisement of the house to let, with directions to communicate with Messrs. Coutts & Co., wrote, and received a reply accepting his offer, and directing that he should annually pay in his rent, if convenient, to Coutts & Co., 'account Cheyne Walk.' Further, the rent is fixed so low (twenty-five pounds) as to induce the idea that the arrangement sprung from a desire to accommodate the great author rather than to profit by him as a tenant."

Crossing the English Channel.

A writer in the *London Times*, discussing the subject of communication between England and the Continent, advocates the employment of large ferry-boats, so constructed that their motion will be practically unaffected by the waves of the English Channel, and that the whole train and carriages from London may be run upon their deck, carried over to France, slid upon the French line, and so on to Paris without change or annoyance to the passengers. These boats, he thinks, should

be about four hundred and fifty feet long, proportionally wide, and with a draught of about twelve feet. It is, he says, objected that the weight of the train would make the boat top-heavy; but this is a complete mistake. A train of passenger-carriages would only weigh about one hundred and twenty tons, which, in the proposed vessel of seven thousand tons, would be practically unfeet. It is a common idea that it is proposed to place the passenger-carriages on the deck, exposed to wind and weather instead of their being enclosed, as they will be, in a space between the upper and the main deck, and completely protected from exposure. It is also intended to carry the goods-trucks below the main deck, as their weight will be useful to ballast the vessel and increase its steadiness. On the main deck accommodation will be provided for passengers (who will generally alight from their carriages as they would at any railway-station where a stoppage is made for refreshment), and they will find well-lighted, well-warmed saloons, with means of reading, writing, etc., which will make the sea-voyage the most agreeable part of the journey. Private cabins will also be provided on the same deck, and large rooms for the officials of the custom-houses of the two countries, so that all luggage may be examined and the weary delay from that cause at the end of the journey entirely avoided. The speed of these steamers is an important part of their design, and instead of the voyage from Dover occupying two hours, as it now does, it will be performed in one. The hydraulic apparatus in the harbors on each side is so arranged that the transfer of the carriages between the railway and the boats will be effected within five minutes. This plan is undoubtedly feasible, and, if carried into effect, will remove a great opprobrium of English travel, the present means of conveyance across the Channel being such as would not be tolerated for a month, if Americans had the control of it.

The Turkish Army and Navy.

The Turkish army, newly reorganized, is composed of six *corps d'armes*, each being under the command of a *mouschir*, equal in dignity to a marshal, and comprising:

	Miles.
36 infantry regiments of 4 battalions of 8 companies.	100,000
24 cavalry regiments.	17,000
6 regiments field-artillery.	8,000
Staff of engineers.	1,600
Artillerymen in garrison.	5,000
Central division of artillery for the forts along the Dardanelles, the Danube, the Adriatic, the Black Sea, Tenedos, Mytilene, and Anatolia.	9,000
Island-of-Crete division.	10,000
Tripoli division.	5,000
Tunis division.	5,000
Total.	160,600
Besides:	
Upper-Albanian contingent.	10,000
Boanian contingent.	30,000
Servian contingent.	20,000
Danubian-Principalities contingent.	7,000
Egyptian contingent.	20,000
Tunis and Tripoli contingent.	10,000
Irregular troops, liable to serve in time of war—Bachi-Bazouks, Tartars, etc.	60,000
Total.	157,000

The Turkish navy is composed of the following vessels: *Steamers*—4 iron-clads, 4 screw-liners, 8 frigates, 9 corvettes, 13 sloops, 4 gunboats, and 28 transports. *Sailing-vessels*—1 line-of-battle ship, 1 frigate, 16 corvettes, and 46 sloops and transports.

Stewart's Store.

Edward Cropsey tells of A. T. Stewart's store, "that the average daily sales have been: silks, \$15,000; dress goods, \$6,000; muslins, \$3,000; laces, \$2,000; shawls, \$2,500; suits, \$1,000; calicoes, \$1,500; velvets, \$2,000; gloves, \$1,000; furs, \$1,000; hosiery, \$600; boys' clothing, \$700; Yankee notions, \$600; embroideries, \$1,000; carpets, \$5,500. The total average daily receipts of the entire establishment are \$80,000, and have been known to reach \$87,000. To do all this business requires an army of employés. There is one general superintendent and nineteen superintendents of departments, nine cashiers, twenty-five book-keepers, thirty ushers, fifty-five porters, two hundred cash-boys, nine hundred seamstresses, and others in the manufacturing-department (including the laundry), three hundred and twenty clerks, of whom a small portion are women, and one hundred and fifty in the carpet department. Without particularizing further, it is sufficient to state that with the extra help often required, twenty-two hundred persons are usually needed to discharge the duties of the establishment. Such figures were never known in the trade of a single house. It is because they are so exceptional and so fast, that I have given them. The number of per-

sons visiting the store in a single day has been estimated to reach fifty thousand, on some rare occasions, such as opening days; the average daily number is placed at fifteen thousand. And this traffic is no respecter of persons; the wealthy dame in quest of silks and velvet, and the poor working-woman in want of a cheap calico dress, here meet on a common level."

The Pope's Precautions against Poison.

At the time of mass, before the consecration, the box containing the hosts is placed on the altar, from which the Holy Father selects three, which are placed in a row. The pope indicates one, but *refrains from touching it*. This the deacon takes to Monsignor Marinelli, who consumes it at once, being careful "*to look into the eyes of the pope*." The pope then points to one of the remaining two, which the deacon at once consumes, looking at the pope. The third is used by the pope himself, *no one being allowed to touch it, under pain of excommunication*. The deacon then takes the cruets containing the wine and water, and, *without wiping the chalice*, pours a little of each into it. This is drunk by the sacristan, looking at the pope as before. The deacon then does the same. The remainder is consumed by His Holiness. These precautions presuppose that if the sacristan is guilty of poisoning, either personally or by collusion, he will show symptoms in his countenance when he has to consume the elements. Hence he must *look at the pope*. Then the deacon, who is a cardinal generally, is interested in the sacristan's good faith, for he shares the same risk. If the chalice is poisoned, it will probably be by some mixture rubbed on its sides. This might be removed if, as is usual, the chalice was first wiped. This is much more than a *ceremony*, and the present pontiff exacts every tittle of it.

Growth of our Railway System.

The growth of the railway system in this country is shown by the following table:

Year.	No. Miles.	Increase.	Year.	No. Miles.	Increase.	Year.	No. Miles.	Increase.
1835	1,098	—	1847	5,599	609	1859	28,789	1,821
1836	1,273	175	1848	5,996	397	1860	30,045	1,846
1837	1,497	224	1849	7,365	1,369	1861	31,256	621
1838	1,913	416	1850	9,621	1,656	1862	32,120	864
1839	2,302	399	1851	10,983	1,961	1863	33,170	1,050
1840	2,818	516	1852	12,908	1,920	1864	33,908	738
1841	3,353	717	1853	15,360	2,452	1865	33,985	1,777
1842	4,026	673	1854	16,730	1,369	1866	36,827	1,742
1843	4,785	159	1855	18,100	1,654	1867	39,276	2,449
1844	4,777	192	1856	22,017	3,949	1868	42,255	2,979
1845	5,633	256	1857	24,508	2,491	1869 (est.)	50,000	7,745
1846	4,930	297	1858	26,968	2,460			

It thus appears that the number of miles of railway constructed in this country during the year just closed is equal to all that existed up to 1849, and exceeds the total construction of any two former years. The 7,745 miles built in 1869 must have cost at least \$300,000,000, which would not be quite \$40,000 per mile; and the cost of our railways and their equipment averages more than that sum.

Varieties.

THEY tell this story in the London clubs about Vernon Harcourt, the "Historicus" of the London *Times*. Four gentlemen were discussing the subject of bores, each declaring that he knew the most disagreeable man in the world, and, the dispute growing animated, it was agreed that the four bores should be brought together at dinner. Accordingly, the day was appointed, and each gentleman agreed to bring his bore to the Star and Garter, at Richmond, where covers were to be laid for eight. The hour arrived and three carriages drove up to the door of the famous inn, each with but one occupant. Three of the four gentlemen had been disappointed in their man, through a previous engagement. At length the fourth carriage came, and out of it stepped Mr. Vernon Harcourt. "Hang the fellow," said the other three in chorus, as the fourth gentleman followed, "he has brought my bore!"

The Copenhagen *Dagstedelegaten* states that a photolithographer lately surprised the directors of the National Bank by presenting them with a packet of notes made by himself, which so exactly resembled the current paper-money of the realm, that none of the officials could distinguish the difference. He also assured them he was able to copy the notes of every other country with equal exactitude. Astonished, and any thing but pleased with the discovery, the authorities of the bank requested him to invent some form of paper-money which cannot be thus imitated. He has promised to do his best, but his success is doubtful.

A recent publication on the prices of wild beasts for shows, states that a first-class hippopotamus is worth \$5,000 to \$6,000; a lion, \$1,000 to \$5,000; an elephant, \$3,000 to \$6,000; a giraffe, \$3,000; a Bengal tiger, \$2,000; a leopard, \$600 to \$900; a hyena, \$500, and that a New-York house, in the last three years, has sold \$112,000 worth of these animals, exclusive of a lively trade in monkeys, birds, etc.

"You must admit, doctor," said a witty lady to a celebrated doctor of divinity, with whom she was arguing the question of the "equality of the sexes"—"you must admit that woman was created before man." "Well, really, madam," said the astonished divine, "I must ask you to prove your case." "That can be easily done, sir," she naively replied. "Wasn't Eve the first maid?"

In the record of marriages for December, 1789, in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for that year, occurs the following, under date the 20th: "At Newburn, near Newcastle, Mr. William Dormand, to Miss Hannah Iley, of that place. The ceremony was attended by the father, mother, brother, sister, aunt, nephew, two husbands, and two wives; yet there were only four persons present."

Civil marriages have only recently been made obligatory in the Grand-duchy of Baden. At Bruchsal, the first bridal pair who were married under the *régime* of the new law were insulted by the populace, excited by some fanatical priests. But in other parts of the country the new law has given rise to no disorders whatever.

The Indianapolis *Journal* says that the experiment of placing ladies at the head of public schools has been tried there, and worked so well that only one male principal is now employed. The experiment, however, of paying a woman more than half wages for full work has never yet been tried.

The Providence *Press* says that a gentleman of that city took his five-year-old son to church for the first time, a few weeks ago. When the clergyman said, "Let us pray," the precocious youngster, in a high-keyed voice, electrified the congregation with the exclamation, "Let her rip!"

A Maine soldier has had his name removed from the pension-rolls, saying he had regained his health and does not need the pension. The commissioner wrote to him in return that his name "should go down into history as a worthy example for coming generations."

An enterprising journalist got into the secret session of the *Ecumenical*, as an Eastern bishop in full rig. His Latin betrayed him, and the papal police escorted him to prison. The tailor that made his bishop's robe was sent to keep him company.

During 1869, there were 383 American vessels lost by shipwreck, fire, collision, or other disasters at sea, the vessels, exclusive of their cargoes, being valued at \$9,329,000. In 1868, there were lost 362 vessels, valued at \$9,030,000.

M. Ollivier is said to be the first Frenchman who has ever reached the rank of first minister of the crown, without having been the recipient of a single order, native or foreign.

Italy is negotiating with the Viceroy of Egypt with the view to securing a naval station on the Red Sea, and restoring her supremacy, as a maritime power, in the commerce of the East.

Hadji Athanassi, a Greek aged one hundred and twenty-five years, lately died at Smyrna. He retained all his faculties to the last. He lived upon fish and vegetables, and tasted meats only at Easter.

An Englishman, lately deceased, bequeathed two thousand pounds to Dr. Colenso as a "mark of his respect for one who has so manfully stood against bigotry and intolerance."

The origin of the word *mantel*, used in reference to a chimney-piece, is traceable to its being work raised before a chimney to conceal it, *mantel* originally signifying a cloak.

It was Sydney Smith who said, "Philanthropy is a universal sentiment of the human heart; whenever A sees B in trouble, he always wants C to help him."

A lodging-house-keeper advertises "to furnish gentlemen with pleasant and comfortable rooms, also one or two gentlemen with wives."

The first coin made in the Philadelphia Mint was the copper cent in 1793. The first silver dollar was made in 1793, and the first gold eagle in 1795.

Sawdust-pills, says an old physician, would effectually cure many of the diseases with which mankind is afflicted, if every patient would make his own sawdust.

The lady who said that being well dressed gave her more peace of mind than religion could give her, expressed undoubtedly the general feeling of her sex.

Our familiar name of luncheon is derived from the daily meal of Spaniards at eleven o'clock, termed *onze*, or *onze* (pronounced *Ponche*).

Eight kinds of kisses are mentioned in the Scriptures: the kisses of Salutation, Valediction, Reconciliation, Subjection, Approbation, Adoration, Treachery, and Affection.

A Frenchman has taken out a patent for "stockings with garters attached."

Somebody wants to know whether a windlass can be considered an airy nymph.

It is said that there is no holier spot of ground than a petroleum-oil district.

A religious paper published in Lancaster, Pennsylvania, is called *The Hell Slaver*.

Fossil wood has been found at Oakland, California, two hundred and sixty feet below the surface.

J. E. Schmidt, of Vienna, has completed his atlas of the moon. He has been at it thirty years.

A Paris abbé, aged seventy-two, has eloped with one of his congregation, a middle-aged single lady.

The Greeks are in advance of all Europe in education, only seven per cent. being unable to read.

It is said that the first dancing in the White House took place during the visit of some Indians to President Madison.

Hint to a lover: To succeed as a suitor, you must suit her well.

The snow-banks have all failed this winter from a lack of deposits.

The Museum.

THE science of geology, as now understood, teaches that the earth, at first a molten mass, gradually became cool, the exterior condensing into a crust, which, changing in its character with the decrease of temperature, became in succession the supporter of vegetable and animal life, the character and development of which advanced by regular grades, or steps, which have been denominated "periods." The *carboniferous period* is that in which the crust first became covered with a luxuriant vegetation, the fossilized remains of which now constitute our coal-beds. During this period the whole surface of the globe was covered with strange and dense forests, where proudly reigned a host of plants, the representatives of which at the present day play but a very humble part. Here were palms and bamboos, there gigantic *Lycopodium*, which, now humble, creeping herbaceous plants, at that time bore straight stems, towering to a height of eighty to a hundred feet. Then came the *Lepidodendra*, the stem of which reminds one of a reptile's scaly cuirass. Lastly came trees of the family of our *Conifers*, their boughs laden with fruit. These vast primeval forests, which the course of ages was to annihilate, sprang up, on a heated and marshy soil, which surrounded the lofty trees with thick, compact masses of herbaceous, aquatic plants, intended to play a great part in the formation of coal.

The luxuriant vegetation of the coal period was certainly favored by the enormous heat which the scarcely-chilled terrestrial crust still preserved, as also by the dampness of the atmosphere, and very probably by the great abundance of carbonic acid which it then contained.

Although a thick and magnificent mantle of foliage covered the globe, every thing wore a strange, gloomy aspect. Everywhere rose gigantic *Equisetum* and ferns, drawing up an exuberance of life from the fertile and virgin soil. The latter in their aspect resembled palms, and at the least breath of wind waved their crowns of finely-cut leaves like flexible plumes of feathers. A sky, ever sombre and veiled, oppressed with heavy clouds the domes of these forests; a wan and dubious light scarcely made visible the dark and naked trunks, shedding on all sides a shadowy and indescribable hue of horror. This rich covering of vegetation, which extended from pole to pole, was sad and utterly silent, as well as strangely monotonous. Not a single flower enlivened the foliage, not one edible fruit loaded its branches. The echoes remained absolutely mute, and the branches, without a sign of life—for no air-breathing animal had as yet appeared among these savage scenes of the ancient world.

One might say, in fact, that there was then no animal life to be seen; for, amid so many remains of the coal flora, which geologists have so admirably reconstructed, they have only met with a few vestiges of one small reptile, the *Archegosaurus*. This great contest between the richness of the vegetable and penury of the animal kingdom is explained by the great quantity of carbonic acid at that time mixed with the atmosphere, which, though particularly favorable to the life of plants, must have been fatal to all animals endowed with active respiration. But, though the atmosphere was poisonous, the seas, on the contrary, uniting together all circumstances most favorable to life, were peopled with shelled mollusks and fish.

After having lent life to the primitive ages of the globe, these strange forests completely disappeared in the lapse of ages, and they have now become almost impossible to recognize, owing to the transformations they have undergone in Nature's immense subterranean storehouses.

There can, however, be no doubt about the matter. It is clearly the

débris of these antique forests of our gradually-cooled-down planet that constitutes the coal of the present time. Science, carrying its torch even into the dark regions from whence this débris proceeded, has discovered all its constituent parts. Amid the black and gleaming masses

of the coal strata abundant impressions have been found of the plants which produced the antediluvian combustible, and from these primitive medals of Creation we have seen Science weave the history of the dawn of terrestrial vegetation.



Ideal View of a Marshy Forest of the Coal Period.

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